

COOKE'S EDITION OF SELECT POETS.



Engraved by W. Ridley, from a painting in the possession of the Rev. M. Williams.

GOLDSMITH.

Printed for C. Cooke, 17, Paternoster Row. May 25 1795.

GOLDSMITH'S WORKS,

forming part of

Cooke's Pocket Edition

of the Original & Complete Works of

SELECT BRITISH POETS,

or Entertaining Poetical Library,

containing the Poetic Productions of the most

Esteemed British Bards

Superbly Embellished



R. Arbould, del.

J. Neagle, sculp.

Embellished under the direction of C. Cooke, May 9. 1795.

Vide Traveller's page 17.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

Oh, Goldsmith! how shall sorrow now essay
To murmur out her slow incondite lay?
In what sad accents mourn the luckless hour
That yielded thee to unrelenting power;
Thee, the proud boast of all the tuneful train
That sweep the lyre, or swell the polish'd strain?
Much honour'd Bard! if my untutor'd verse
Could pay a tribute worthy of thy hearse,
With fearless hands I'd build the fane of praise,
And boldly strew the never-fading bays.
But say, what boots it o'er thy hallow'd dust
To heap the graven pile, or laurell'd bust;
Since by thy hands already rais'd on high,
We see a fabric tow'ring to the sky;
Where, hand and hand with time, the sacred lore
Shall travel on till Nature is no more?

Monody on the Death of Dr. Goldsmith.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

London:

Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternoster-Row;
And sold by all the Booksellers in
Great Britain and
Ireland.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
OLIVER GOLDSMITH
WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

By
JOHN GALT,
ESQ.

OF THE
MIDDLE TEMPLE,
ESQ.
OF THE
BARR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
LONDON:
Printed by J. JOHNSON, in Pall-mall.

1793.
The price of each Volume is
one Guinea and sixpence.
By the Author.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

CONTAINING HIS

DESERTED VILLAGE,	PROLOGUES,
TRAVELLER,	EPILOGUES,
HERMIT,	SONGS,
RETALIATION,	ELEGIES,
MISCELLANIES,	EPITAPHS,

&c. &c. &c.

Adieu, sweet bard! to each fine feeling true,
Thy virtues many, and thy foibles few;
Those form'd to charm e'en vicious minds----and these
With harmless mirth the social soul to please.
Another's woe thy heart could always melt;
None gave more free----for none more deeply felt.
Sweet bard, adieu! thy own harmonious lays
Have sculptur'd out thy monument of praise:
Yes, these survive to time's remotest day;
While drops the bust, and boastful tombs decay.
Reader, if number'd in the muse's train,
Go, tune the lyre, and imitate his strain:
But, if no poet thou, reverse the plan;
Depart in peace, and imitate the man.

Woty's Verses on the Death of Goldsmith.

London:
PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED
Under the Direction of
C. COOKE.

THE LIFE OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. B.

“THE life of a Scholar,” Dr. Goldsmith has remarked, “ seldom abounds with adventure: his fame is acquired in solitude; and the historian, who only views him at a distance, must be content with a dry detail of actions by which he is scarce distinguished from the rest of mankind: but we are fond of talking of those who have given us pleasure; not that we have any thing important to say, but because the subject is pleasing.”

Oliver Goldsmith, son of the Reverend Charles Goldsmith, was born at Elphin, in the county of Roscommon, in Ireland, in the year 1729. His father had four sons, of whom Oliver was the third. After being well instructed in the classics, at the school of Mr. Hughes, he was admitted a sizer in Trinity College, Dublin, on the 11th of June, 1744. While he resided there, he exhibited no specimens of that genius, which, in maturer years, raised his character so high. On the 27th of February, 1749, O. S. (two years after the regular time,) he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Soon after he turned his thoughts to the profession of physic; and, after attending some courses of anatomy in Dublin, proceeded to Edinburgh, in the year 1751, where he studied the several branches of medicine under the different professors in that university. His beneficent disposition soon involved him in unexpected difficulties; and he was obliged precipitately to leave Scotland, in consequence of having engaged himself to pay a considerable sum of money for a fellow student.

The beginning of the year 1754, he arrived at Sunderland, near Newcastle, where he was arrested at the suit of one Barclay, a taylor in Edinburgh, to whom

he had given security for his friend. By the good offices of Laughlin Maclane, Esq. and Dr. Sleigh, who were then in the college, he was soon delivered out of the hands of the bailiff, and took his passage on board a Dutch ship to Rotterdam, where, after a short stay, he proceeded to Brussels. He then visited great part of Flanders; and, after passing some time at Strasbourg and Louvain, where he obtained a degree of Bachelor in Physic, he accompanied an English gentleman to Geneva.

It is undoubtedly a fact, that this ingenious unfortunate man made most part of his tour on foot. He had left England with very little money; and being of a philosophic turn, and at that time possessing a body capable of sustaining every fatigue, and a heart not easily terrified by danger, he became an enthusiast to the design he had formed of seeing the manners of different countries. He had some knowledge of the French language, and of music: he played tolerably well on the German flute; which, from amusement, became, at some times, the means of subsistence. His learning produced him an hospitable reception at most of the religious houses he visited; and his music made him welcome to the peasants of Flanders and Germany. ‘Whenever I approached a peasant’s house towards night-fall,’ he used to say, ‘I played one of my most merry tunes, and that generally procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day: but, *in truth*,’ (his constant expression,) ‘I must own, whenever I attempted to entertain persons of a higher rank, they always thought my performance odious, and never made me any return for my endeavours to please them.’

On his arrival at Geneva, he was recommended as a proper person for a travelling tutor to a young man, who had been unexpectedly left a considerable sum of money by his uncle Mr. S. *****. This youth, who was artied to an attorney, on the receipt of his fortune, determined to see the world. During

During Goldsmith's continuance in Switzerland, he assiduously cultivated his poetical talent, of which he had given some striking proofs at the college of Edinburgh. It was from hence he sent the first sketch of his delightful epistle, called the *Traveller*, to his brother Henry, a clergyman in Ireland, who, giving up fame and fortune, had retired with an amiable wife to happiness and obscurity, on an income of only forty pounds a year. The great affection Goldsmith bore for this brother, is expressed in the poem before mentioned, and gives a striking picture of his situation.

From Geneva Mr. Goldsmith and his pupil proceeded to the south of France, where the young man, upon some disagreement with his preceptor, paid him the small part of his salary which was due, and embarked at Marseilles for England. Our wanderer was left once more upon the world at large, and passed through a number of difficulties in traversing the greatest part of France. At length his curiosity being gratified, he bent his course towards England, and arrived at Dover, the beginning of the winter, in the year 1758.

His finances were so low on his return to England, that he with difficulty got to the metropolis, his whole stock of cash amounting to no more than a few half-pence. An entire stranger in London, his mind was filled with the most gloomy reflections in consequence of his embarrassed situation. He applied to several apothecaries, in hopes of being received in the capacity of a journeyman; but his broad Irish accent, and the uncouthness of his appearance, occasioned him to meet with insult from most of the medical tribe. The next day, however, a chymist, near Fish-street, struck with his forlorn condition, and the simplicity of his manner, took him into his laboratory, where he continued till he discovered that his old friend Dr. Sleight was in London. "It was Sunday," said Goldsmith, "when I paid him a visit; and it is to be supposed, in my best cloaths. Sleight scarcely knew me: such is the tax the unfortunate pay to poverty. However, when

he did recollect me, I found his heart as warm as ever ; and he shared his purse and his friendship with me during his continuance in London." Goldsmith, unwilling to be a burden to his friend, a short time after, eagerly embraced an offer which was made him to assist the late Rev. Dr. Milner, in instructing the young gentlemen at the academy at Peckham; and acquitted himself greatly to the Doctor's satisfaction for a short time; but, having obtained some reputation by the criticisms he had written in the Monthly Review, Mr. Griffith, the principal proprietor, engaged him in the compilation of it; and resolving to pursue the profession of writing, he returned to London, as the mart where abilities of every kind were sure of meeting distinction and reward. Here he determined to adopt a plan of the strictest œconomy, and, at the close of the year 1759, took lodgings in Green-Arbour-Court, in the Old Bailey, where he wrote several ingenious pieces. His first works were *The Bee*, a weekly pamphlet; and *An Enquiry into the present State of Polite Learning in Europe*. The late Mr. Newberry, who, at that time, gave great encouragement to men of literary abilities, became a kind of patron to Goldsmith, and introduced him as one of the writers in the Public Ledger,* in which his *Citizen of the World* originally appeared, under title of 'Chinese Letters.'

Through the generosity of Mr. Newberry, for whom he had written and compiled a variety of pieces, or, in other terms, had held the "pen of a ready writer," our Author was enabled to shift his quarters from Green-Arbour-Court to Wine-Office-Court, in Fleet Street, where he put the finishing stroke to his *Vicar of Wakefield*. Having conciliated the esteem of Dr. Johnson by that passport to the human heart, *flattery*, the Colossus

* During this time (according to another account) he wrote for the British Magazine, of which Dr. Smollett was then editor, most of those *Essays and Tales*, which he afterwards collected and published in a separate volume. He also wrote occasionally for the Critical Review; and it was the merit which he discovered in criticising a despicable translation of Ovid's *Fasts*, by a pedantic school-master, and his *Enquiry into the present State of Learning in Europe*, which first introduced him to the acquaintance of Dr. Smollett, who recommended him to several literati, and to most of the booksellers by whom he was afterwards patronized.

Colossus of Literature gave so strong a recommendation of Goldsmith's Novel, that the Author obtained sixty pounds for the copy; a sum far beyond his expectation, as he candidly acknowledged to a literary friend. It was, however, a very seasonable relief, as it extricated our Author from many embarrassments under which he then laboured. But as Goldsmith's reputation as a writer was not yet established, the bookseller was doubtful of the success of the Novel, and he kept the manuscript by him till the *Traveller* appeared, when he published it with great advantage.

Among many other persons of distinction who were desirous to know him, was the Duke of Northumberland; and the circumstance that attended his introduction to that nobleman, is worthy of being related, in order to shew a striking trait of his character. 'I was invited,' said the Doctor, 'by my friend Percy, to wait upon the Duke, in consequence of the satisfaction he had received from the perusal of one of my productions. I dressed myself in the best manner I could, and, after studying some compliments I thought necessary on such an occasion, proceeded to Northumberland house, and acquainted the servants that I had particular business with his Grace. They shewed me into an anti-chamber, where, after waiting some time, a gentleman, very elegantly dressed, made his appearance. Taking him for the Duke, I delivered all the fine things I had composed, in order to compliment him on the honour he had done me; when, to my great astonishment, he told me I had mistaken him for his master, who would see me immediately. At that instant the Duke came into the apartment; and I was so confounded on the occasion, that I wanted words barely sufficient to express the sense I entertained of the Duke's politeness, and went away exceedingly chagrined at the blunder I had committed.'

The Doctor, at the time of this visit, was much embarrassed in his circumstances; but, vain of the honour done him, was continually mentioning it. One

of those ingenious executors of the law, a bailiff, who had a writ against him, determined to turn this circumstance to his own advantage. He wrote him a letter, that he was steward to a nobleman who was charmed with reading his last production, and had ordered him to desire the Doctor to appoint a place where he might have the honour of meeting him, to conduct him to his Lordship. The vanity of poor Goldsmith immediately swallowed the bait: he appointed the British Coffee-house, to which he was accompanied by his friend Mr. Hamilton, the printer of the Critical Review, who in vain remonstrated on the singularity of the application. On entering the coffee-room, the bailiff paid his respects to the Doctor, and desired that he might have the honour of immediately attending him. They had scarce entered Pall-Mall, in their way to *his Lordship*, when the bailiff produced his writ. Mr. Hamilton generously paid the money, and redeemed the Doctor from captivity.

Dr. Goldsmith, in 1765, produced his *Poem of the Traveller*, which obtained the commendation of Dr. Johnson, who candidly acknowledged, “that there had not been so fine a Poem since the time of Pope.” But such was his diffidence, that he kept the manuscript by him some years; nor could he be prevailed on to publish it, till persuaded by Dr. Johnson, who furnished him with some ideas for its enlargement.

This Poem, in consequence of the reception it met with from the public, enhanced his literary character with the bookfellers, and introduced him to the notice of several persons eminent for their rank and superior talents, as Lord Nugent, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Nugent, Beauclerc, Mr. Dyer, &c. These distinguished characters were entertained with his conversation, and highly pleased with his blunders: at the same time they admired the elegance of his poems and simplicity of the man. He published, the same year, a *Collection of Essays*, which had previously appeared in the newspapers, magazines, and other periodical publications. But
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The Vicar of Wakefield, published in 1766, established his reputation as a Novelist.

Goldsmith's finances augmented with his fame, and enabled him to live in a superior style; for, soon after the publication of his *Traveller*, he changed his lodgings in Wine-Office-Court for a set of chambers in the Inner Temple; and at the same time, in conjunction with Mr. Bott, a literary friend, took a country house on the Edgware Road, for the benefit of the air, and the convenience of retirement. He gave this little mansion the jocular appellation of the *Shoemaker's Paradise*, being built in a fantastic style by its original possessor, who was one of the craft.

In this rural retirement he wrote his *History of England, in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son*; and, as an incontestible proof of the merit of this production, it was generally supposed to have come from the pen of Lord Lyttleton, one of the most elegant writers of his time: and it may be further observed, to enhance the reputation of the work, that it was never disavowed by that Noble Lord to any of his most intimate friends. It had a very extensive sale, and was introduced into many seminaries of learning as a most useful guide to the study of English history.

It was a true observation with the Doctor, that "of all his compilations, his *Selection of English Poetry* showed most the art of the profession." To furnish copy for this work, it required no invention, and but little thought: he had only to mark with a pencil the particular passages for the printer, so that he easily acquired two hundred pounds; but then he observed, lest the premium should be deemed more than a compensation for the labour, "that a man shews his judgment in these selections; and he may be often twenty years of his life in cultivating that judgment."

His Comedy of the *Good-natured Man* was produced at Covent Garden Theatre in 1768, which, though it exhibited strong marks of genius, and keen observations on men and manners, did not at first meet with that
applause

applause which was due to its merit. The bailiff scene was generally reprobated, though the characters were well drawn; but, to comply, however, with the taste of the town, the scene was afterwards greatly abridged. Many parts were highly applauded, as possessing great comic genius, and particularly that of *Croaker*, a character truly original, excellently conceived by the Author, and highly supported by Shuter, the most popular comedian of his day. The manner of his reading the incendiary letter in the fourth act, and the expression of the different passions by which he was agitated, produced shouts of applause. Goldsmith himself was so transported with the acting of Shuter, that he expressed his gratitude to him before the whole Company, assuring him, "he had exceeded his own idea of the character, and that the fine comic richness of his colouring made it almost appear as new to him as to any other person in the house." Dr. Johnson, as a token of his friendship for the author, wrote the prologue.

The production of this comedy added considerably to his purse, as, from the profits of his three nights, and the sale of the copy, he acquired the sum of five hundred pounds, which, with an additional sum he had reserved out of the product of a *Roman History*, in 2 vols. 8vo. and an *History of England*, 4vols. 8vo. he was enabled to descend from the attic story, he occupied in the Inner Temple, and take possession of a spacious suit of chambers in Brook-Court, Middle Temple, which he purchased at no less a sum than four hundred pounds. He was at the further charge of furnishing his chambers in an elegant manner, fitting up a handsome library, and procuring every article, convenient and ornamental, that was proper for the accommodation of a man, who stood high in the republic of letters, and whose talents were rewarded in a degree proportionate to their merit.

But this improvement in his circumstances, and manner of living, by no means compensated for the mortification

fication he underwent from the very severe strictures of some rigid critics on his comedy. Sentimental writing was the prevailing taste of the town, with which a comedy, called *False Delicacy*, written by Kelly, abounded; and being got up at the Theatre in Drury Lane, under the superintendence of Mr. Garrick, it met with such general approbation, that it was performed for several successive nights with unbounded applause, and bore away the palm from Goldsmith's comedy, which came out much at the same time at the other theatre. *False Delicacy* became so popular a piece, that ten thousand copies were sold in the course of only one season; and the booksellers concerned in the property, as a token of their acknowledgment of the merit of the comedy, apparent from its extraordinary sale, presented Kelly with a piece of plate of considerable value, and gave an elegant entertainment to him and his friends. These circumstances irritated the feelings of Goldsmith to so violent a degree, as to dissolve the bands of friendship between Kelly and him; for though, in every other instance, he bore a near resemblance to his own character of the good-natured Man, yet, in literary fame, he "*could bear no rival near his throne.*" Had not his countryman and fellow bard aspired at rivalry, had he been modestly content to move in an humbler sphere, he might not only have retained his friendship, but commanded his purse; but, as emphatically expressed by the same author from whom we cited the last quotation; "To contend for the bow of Ulysses; this was a fault; that way envy lay."

There is a humorous anecdote related of Goldsmith concerning a periodical publication in which he was jointly concerned with Dr. Kenrick, Bickerstaff, and others. The publication soon dropped; upon which a friend remarked that it was a very short-liv'd production, and had died a very extraordinary sudden death. "Not at all Sir," said Goldsmith; "a very common case; it died of too many Doctors."

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But Goldsmith, soon disgusted with such trivial pursuits, applied himself to nobler subjects, and produced a highly finished Poem, called *The Deserted Village*. The bookseller gave him a note of an hundred guineas for the copy, which Goldsmith returned, saying to a friend, "It is too much; it is more than the honest Bookseller can afford, or the piece is worth." He estimated the value according to the following computation; "That it was near five shillings a couplet, which was more than any bookseller could afford, or, indeed, any modern poetry was worth:" but the sale was so rapid, that the bookseller, with the greatest pleasure, soon paid him the hundred guineas, with acknowledgment for the generosity he had evinced upon the occasion.

The author addresses this Poem to his friend Sir Joshua Reynolds. He writes in the character of a native of a country village, to which he gives the name of Auburn, and which he pathetically addresses. He then proceeds to contrast the innocence and happiness of a simple and a natural state with the miseries and vices that have been introduced by polished life, and gives the following beautiful apostrophe to retirement:

"O blest retirement! friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine;
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past!"

The description of the parish priest (probably intended for a character of his brother Henry) would have done honour to any poet of any age. In this description the simile of the bird teaching her young to fly, and of the mountain that rises above the storm, are not easily to be paralleled. The rest of the poem consists of
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the character of the village school-master, and a description of the village ale-house; both drawn with admirable propriety and force; a descant on the mischiefs of luxury and wealth; the variety of artificial pleasures; the miseries of those who, for want of employment at home, are driven to settle new colonies abroad; and concludes with the following beautiful apostrophe to poetry:

‘ And thou, sweet poetry! thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decry’d,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found me poor at first, and keep’st me so;
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well.’

The Doctor did not reap a profit from his poetical labours equal to those of his prose. The Earl of Lisburne, whose classical taste is well known, one day at a dinner of the Royal Academicians, lamented to the Doctor his neglecting the muses, and enquired of him why he forsook poetry, in which he was sure of charming his readers, to compile histories and write novels? The Doctor replied, ‘ My Lord, by courting the muses I shall starve; but by my other labours, I eat, drink, have good cloaths, and enjoy the luxuries of life.’

This finished Poem was by no means a hasty production; it occupied two years in composing; and was the effect of the most minute observation, during an excursion of between four and five years. Soon after the appearance of this work, he paid a tribute to the merit of Dr. Parnell, in a Life prefixed to a new Edition of that elegant writer’s “ Poems on several Occasions;” a work that does honour to the head and heart of the author.

The next Comedy the Doctor produced was in the year 1772: it was called, *She Stoops to Conquer*, and proved more successful than the *Good-natured Man*. Colman, who was then manager of Covent Garden Theatre,

Theatre, and had given incontestible proofs of dramatic genius in the production of various excellent pieces, was greatly mistaken in his judgment of this comedy, which he thought too farcical, and had consigned to condemnation at the time of its last rehearsal. Indeed, the performers, in general, coincided with the manager in opinion. The piece, however, notwithstanding the sentence pronounced by that acknowledged critic, was received with great applause, to his mortification, and the exultation of the author, who was not a little piqued at the critic from the following circumstance.

The first night of the performance of his comedy, Goldsmith did not come to the house till it approached the close, having been ruminating in St. James's Park on the very important decision of the fate of his piece then pending; and such were his anxiety, and apprehension of its failure, that he was with great difficulty prevailed on to repair to the theatre, on the suggestion of a friend, who pointed out the necessity of his presence, in order to take cognizance of any passages that might appear objectionable, for the purpose of omission or alteration in the repetition of the performance. Our Author, with an expectation suspended between hope and fear, had scarcely entered the passage that leads to the stage, than his ears were shocked at a hiss, which proceeded from the audience, as a token of their disapprobation of the farcical supposition of Mrs. Hardcastle's being so palpably deluded, as to conceive herself at the distance of fifty miles from her house, when she was not at the distance of fifty yards. Such was the tremor and agitation of the Doctor on this unwelcome salute, that, running up to the manager, he exclaimed, "What's that?" "Pshaw! Doctor," replied Colman, in a sarcastic tone, "don't be terrified at *squibs*, when we have been sitting these two hours upon a barrel of *gunpowder*." Goldsmith's pride was so hurt by the poignancy of this remark, that the friendship which had before subsisted between the Manager and the Author was dissolved for life.

The success of the comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer* produced a most illiberal personal attack on the author in one of the public prints. Enraged at this abusive publication, Dr. Goldsmith repaired to the house of the publisher, and, after remonstrating on the malignity of this attack on his character, began to apply his cane to the shoulders of the publisher, who, making a powerful resistance, from being the defensive soon became the offensive combatant. Dr. Kenrick, who was sitting in a private room of the publisher's, hearing a noise in the shop, came in, put an end to the fight, and conveyed the Doctor to a coach. The papers instantly teemed with fresh abuse on the impropriety of the Doctor's attempting to beat a person in his own house, on which, in the *Daily Advertiser* of Wednesday, March 31, 1773, he inserted the following address.

' To the Public.

' Lest it may be supposed that I have been willing to correct in others an abuse of which I have been guilty myself, I beg leave to declare, that, in all my life, I never wrote, or dictated, a single paragraph, letter, or essay, in a newspaper, except a few moral essays, under the character of a Chinese, about ten years ago, in the *Ledger*; and a letter, to which I signed my name, in the *St. James's Chronicle*. If the liberty of the press therefore has been abused, I have had no hand in it.

' I have always considered the press as the protector of our freedom, as a watchful guardian, capable of uniting the weak against the encroachments of power. What concerns the public most properly admits of a public discussion. But of late, the press has turned from defending public interest, to making inroads upon private life; from combating the strong, to overwhelming the feeble. No condition is now too obscure for its abuse, and the protector is become the tyrant of the people. In this manner the freedom of the press is beginning to sow the seeds of its own dissolution; the great must oppose it from principle, and the weak from
b fear;

fear; till, at last, every rank of mankind shall be found to give up its benefits, content with security from its insults.

‘How to put a stop to this licentiousness, by which all are indiscriminately abused, and by which vice consequently escapes in the general censure, I am unable to tell; all I could wish is, that, as the law gives us no protection against the injury, so it should give calumniators no shelter after having provoked correction. The insults which we receive before the public, by being more open, are the more distressing; by treating them with silent contempt, we do not pay a sufficient deference to the opinion of the world. By recurring to legal redress, we too often expose the weakness of the law, which only serves to increase our mortification by failing to relieve us. In short, every man should singly consider himself as a guardian of the liberty of the press, and, as far as his influence can extend, should endeavour to prevent its licentiousness becoming at last the grave of its freedom.’

‘OLIVER GOLDSMITH.’

The profits arising from his two comedies were estimated at 1300l. rating the *Good-natured Man*, at 500l. and *She Stoops to Conquer* at 800l. which, with the product of other works, amounted, as is asserted upon a good authority, to 1800l. but, through a profuse liberality to indigent authors, and particularly those of his own country, who played on his credulity, together with the effects of an habit he had contracted for gaming, he found himself, at the close of that very year, not in a state of enjoyment of a pleasing prospect before him, but enveloped in the gloom of despondency, and all the perplexities of debt, accumulated by his own indiscretion.

It is remarkable, that, about this time, our Author altered his mode of address; he rejected the title of Doctor, and assumed that of plain Mr. Goldsmith. This innovation has been attributed to various causes. Some supposed he then formed a resolution never to engage as a practical professor in the healing art; others imagined that he conceived the important appellation of

Doctor,

Doctor, and the grave deportment attached to the character, incompatible with the man of fashion, to which he had the vanity to aspire; but, whatever might be his motive, he could not throw off the title, which the world imposed on him to the day of his death, and which is annexed to his memory at the present day; though he never obtained a degree superior to that of Bachelor of Physic.

Though Goldsmith was indiscreet, he was, at the same time, industrious; and, though his genius was lively and fertile, he frequently submitted to the dull task of compilation. He had previously written Histories of England, Greece, and Rome; and afterwards undertook, and finished, a work, entitled, *An History of the Earth and Animated Nature*; but, if a judgment may be formed of this work from the opinion of the learned, it redounded more to his emolument than his reputation.

A short time before he paid the debt of nature, he had formed a design of compiling an Universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, and had printed, and distributed amongst his friends and acquaintance, a prospectus of the work; but as he received very little encouragement from the booksellers, he desisted, though reluctantly, from his design.

His last production, *Retaliation*, though not intended for public view, but merely his own private amusement, and that of a few particular friends, exhibits strong marks of genuine humour. It originated from some jokes of festive merriment on the Author's person and dialect, in a club of literary friends, where good nature was sometimes sacrificed at the shrine of wit and sarcasm; and as Goldsmith could not disguise his feelings upon the occasion, he was called upon for retaliation, which he produced the very next club meeting.

It may not be so accurate as his other poetical productions, as he did not revise it, or live to finish it in the manner he intended; yet high eulogiums have been passed on it by some of the first characters in the learned

world, and it has obtained a place in most of the editions of the English Poets.

Our Author now approached the period of his dissolution. He had been frequently attacked for some years with a strangury, and the embarrassed state of his affairs aggravated the violence of the disorder, which, with the agitation of his mind, brought on a nervous fever, that operated in so great a degree, that he exhibited signs of despair, and even a disgust with life itself.

Finding his disorder rapidly increase, he sent for Mr. Hawes, his apothecary as well as intimate friend, to whom he related the symptoms of his malady. He told him he had taken two ounces of ipecacuanha wine as an emetic; and expressed a great desire of making trial of Dr. James's fever powders, which he desired him to send him. The apothecary represented to his patient the impropriety of taking this medicine at that time; but no argument could prevail with him to relinquish his intention; so that Mr. Hawes, apprehensive of the fatal consequences of his putting this rash resolve into execution, in order to divert him from it, requested permission to send for Doctor Fordyce, who attended immediately, on receiving the message.

Doctor Fordyce, of whose medical abilities Goldsmith always expressed the highest sense, corroborated the opinion of the apothecary, and used every argument to dissuade him from taking the powders; but, deaf to all the remonstrances of his physician and friend, he fatally persisted in his resolution; and when the apothecary visited him the following day, and enquired of him how he did, he fetched a deep sigh, and said, in a dejected tone, "He wished he had taken his friendly advice last night." Doctor Fordyce, alarmed at the dangerous symptoms which the disorder indicated, thought it necessary to call in the advice of another physician; and accordingly proposed sending for Doctor Turton, of whom he knew Goldsmith had a great opinion. The proposal was acceded to; a servant was immediately

immediately dispatched with a message; and, on his arrival, the two Doctors assisted at a consultation, which they continued regularly every day till the disorder put a period to the existence of their patient, on the fourth day of April, 1774, in the 45th year of his age.

His friends, who were very numerous and respectable, had determined to bury him in Westminster-abbey: his pall was to have been supported by Lord Shelburne, Lord Louth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, the Honourable Mr. Beauclerc, Mr. Edmund Burke, and Mr. Garrick; but, from some unaccountable circumstances, this design was dropped; and his remains were privately deposited in the Temple burial-ground, on Saturday, the 9th of April; when Mr. Hugh Kelly, Messrs. John and Robert Day, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Etherington, and Mr. Hawes, gentlemen who had been his friends in life, attended his corpse as mourners, and paid the last tribute to his memory.

A subscription, however, was afterwards raised by his friends, to defray the expence of a marble monument, which was placed in Westminster-abbey, between Gay's monument and the Duke of Argyle's, in the Poets' corner, with the following Latin inscription, written by his friend Dr. Samuel Johnson:

OLIVARI GOLDSMITH
Poetæ, Physici, Historici.
Qui nullum fere scribendi genus
Non tetigit.
Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit
Sive Risus essent movendi
Sive Lacrymæ.
Affectuum potens at lenis Dominator
Ingenio sublimis---Vividus Versatilis
Oratione grandis nitidus Venuustus
Hoc Monumentum Memoriam coluit
Sodalium Amor
Amicorum Fides
Lectorum Veneratio
Natus Hibernia Fornia Lonfordiensis
In Loco cui Nomen Pallas
Nov. xxix. MDCCXXXI.
Eblanæ Literis institutus
Obiit Londini
April iv. MDCCLXXIV.

Translation.

This Monument is raised
 To the Memory of
 OLIVER GOLDSMITH,
 Poet, Natural Philosopher, and
 Historian,
 Who left no species of writing untouched,
 or
 Unadorned by his Pen,
 Whether to move laughter,
 Or draw tears:
 He was a powerful master
 Over the affections,
 Though at the same time a gentle tyrant;
 Of a genius at once sublime, lively, and
 Equal to every subject:
 In expression at once noble,
 Pure and delicate.
 His Memory will last
 As long as society retains affection,
 Friendship is not void of Honour,
 And reading wants not her admirers.
 He was born in the kingdom of Ireland,
 At Fernes, in the province
 Of Leinster,
 Where Pallas had set her name
 29th Nov. 1731.
 He was educated at Dublin,
 And died in London,
 4th April, 1774.

As to his character, it is strongly illustrated by Mr.
 Pope's line,

‘ In wit a man, simplicity a child.’

We insert the following lines, in verse and prose,
 written by a friend immediately after his death, as they
 were deemed faithful transcripts of his character.

Here rests, from the cares of the world and his pen,
 A poet whose like we shall scarce meet again;
 Who, though form'd in an age when corruption ran high,
 And folly alone seem'd with folly to vie;
 When genius, with traffic too commonly train'd,
 Recounted her merits by what she had gain'd;
 Yet spurn'd at those walks of debasement and pelf,
 And in poverty's spite dar'd to think for himself.
 Thus free'd from those fetters the muses oft bind,
 He wrote from the heart to the hearts of mankind;
 And such was the prevalent force of his song,
 Sex, ages, and parties, he drew in a throng.

The lovers---'twas theirs' to esteem and commend,
 For his *Hermit* had prov'd him their tutor and friend;
 The statesman, his politic passions on fire,
 Acknowledg'd repose from the charms of his lyre.
 The moralist too had a feel for his rhymes,
 For his *Essays* were curbs on the rage of the times;
 Nay, the critic, all school'd in grammatical sense,
 Who look'd in the glow of description for sense,
 Reform'd as he read, fell a dupe to his art,
 And confess'd by his eyes what he felt at his heart.

Yet, blest with original powers like these,
 His principal force was on paper to please;
 Like a fleet-footed hunter, though first in the chace,
 On the road of plain sense he oft slacken'd his pace;
 Whilst *dullness* and *cunning*, by whipping and goading,
 Their hard-footed hackneys paraded before him;
 Compounded likewise of such primitive parts,
 That his manners alone would have gain'd him our hearts.

So simple in truth, so ingenuously kind,
 So ready to feel for the wants of mankind;
 Yet praise but an author of popular quill,
 His flux of philanthropy quickly stood still;
 Transform'd from himself, he grew meanly severe,
 And rail'd at those talents he ought not to fear.

Such then were his foibles; but though they were such
 As shadow'd the picture a little too much,
 The style was all graceful, expressive and grand,
 And the whole the result of a masterly hand.

The prosaic eulogium which follows, does the highest honour to his character, both literary and personal.

“ In an age when genius and learning are too generally sacrificed to the purposes of ambition and avarice, it is the consolation of virtue, as well as its friends, that they can commemorate the name of Goldsmith as a shining example to the contrary.

“ Early compelled (like many of the greatest men) into the service of the muses, he never once permitted his necessities to have the least improper influence on his conduct; but, knowing and respecting the honourable line of his profession, he made no farther use of *fiction*, than to set off the dignity of *truth*; and in this he succeeded so happily, that his writings stamp him no less the man of genius, than the universal friend of mankind.

Such

“ Such is the out-line of his poetical character, which, perhaps, will be remembered, whilst the first rate poets of this country have any monuments left them. But, alas ! his noble and immortal part, the good man, is only consigned to the short-liv'd memory of those who are left to lament his death.

“ Having naturally a powerful bias on his mind to the cause of virtue, he was cheerful and indefatigable in every pursuit of it ; warm in his friendship, gentle in his manners, and in every act of charity and benevolence, “ the very milk of human nature.” Nay, even his foibles, and little weaknesses of temper, may be said rather to simplify than degrade his understanding ; for, though there may be many instances adduced, to prove he was *no man of the world*, most of those instances would attest the unadulterated purity of his heart. One who esteemed the kindness and friendship of such a man, as forming a principal part of the happiness of his life, pays this last sincere and grateful tribute to his memory.”

The esteem in which our Author was held by Dr. Johnson, is evident from the following passage, extracted from a letter of the Doctor to Mr. Boswell, soon after his demise. “ Of poor dear Dr. Goldsmith there is little to be told, more than the papers have made public. He died of a fever, made, I am afraid, more violent by uneasiness of mind. His debts began to be heavy, and all his resources were exhausted. Sir Joshua [Reynolds] is of opinion, that he owed no less than two thousand pounds. Was ever poet so trusted before ?”

To so high a degree of literary fame did Goldsmith arrive, that the product of his writings in general is said to have amounted, in the course of fourteen years, to more than eight thousand pounds ; but this sum was dissipated by an improvident liberality without discrimination of objects, and other foibles incidental to mankind, which our Author could not see in himself ; or, if he could see, wanted resolution to correct. But
with

with these foibles he possessed many virtues, and those particularly of humanity and benevolence, which disposed him to do all the good within his power; so that he lived respected and died lamented.

“The person of Goldsmith,” (says Mr. Boswell, in his Life of Dr Johnson,) “was short; his countenance coarse and vulgar; his deportment that of a scholar, awkwardly affecting the complete gentleman. No man had the art of displaying, with more advantage as a writer, whatever literary acquisitions he made. His mind resembled a fertile but thin soil; there was a quick but not a strong vegetation of whatever chanced to be thrown upon it. No deep root could be struck. The oak of the forest did not grow there; but the elegant shrubbery, and the fragrant parterre, appeared in gay succession. It has been generally circulated, and believed, that he was a mere fool in conversation. In allusion to this, Mr. Horatio Walpole, who admired his writings, said, he was “an inspired idiot;” and Garrick describes him as one:

——— for shortness call'd Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, and talk'd like poor Poll.

But, in reality, these descriptions are greatly exaggerated. He had, no doubt, a more than common share of that hurry of ideas, which we often find in his countrymen, and which sometimes introduces a laughable confusion in expressing them. He was very much what the French call *un etourdi*; and from vanity, and an eager desire of being conspicuous wherever he was, he frequently talked carelessly, without any knowledge of the subject, or even without thought. Those who were any ways distinguished, excited envy in him to so ridiculous an excess, that the instances of it are hardly credible. He, I am told, had no settled system of any sort, so that his conduct must not be too strictly criticised; but his affections were social and generous; and when he had money, he bestowed it

it liberally. His desires of imaginary consequence frequently predominated over his attention to truth."

In the opinion of many of the literati, Goldsmith rivalled in prose writing, and even surpassed, Dr. Johnson. His prose has been admitted as the model of perfection, and the standard of the English language. Dr. Johnson says, "Goldsmith was a man of such variety of powers, and such felicity of performance, that he seemed to excel in whatever he attempted; a man who had the art of being minute without tediousness, and general without confusion; whose language was capacious without exuberance; exact without restraint; and easy without weakness."

The most admired of his prosaic writings are the *Vicar of Wakefield*, *Essays*, *Letters from a Nobleman to his Son*, and *Life of Parnell*.

With respect to the *Vicar of Wakefield*, it is certainly a composition which has justly merited the applause of all discerning persons as one of the best novels in the English language. The diction is chaste, correct, and elegant. The characters are drawn to the life; and the scenes it exhibits are ingeniously variegated with humour and sentiment. The hero of the piece displays the most shining virtues that can adorn relative and social life; sincere in his professions, humane and generous in his disposition, he is himself a pattern of the character he represents, enforcing that excellent maxim, that example is more powerful than precept. His wife is drawn as possessing many laudable qualifications; and her prevailing passion for external parade is an inoffensive foible, calculated rather to excite our mirth than incur our censure. The character of Olivia, the Vicar's eldest daughter, is contrasted with that of Sophia, the younger; the one being represented as of a disposition gay and volatile, the other as rather grave and steady; though neither of them seems to have indulged their peculiar propensity beyond the bounds of moderation.

Upon a review of this excellent production, it may be truly said, that it inculcates the purest lessons of morality

lity and virtue, free from the rigid laws of stoicism, and adapted to attract the esteem and observation of every ingenuous mind. It excites not a thought that can be injurious in its tendency, nor breathes an idea that can offend the chastest ear; or, as it has been expressed, the language is such as “angels might have heard, and virgins told.” The writer, who suggested this pleasing idea, observes further, that, “if we do not always admire his knowledge or extensive philosophy, we feel the benevolence of his heart, and are charmed with the purity of its principles. If we do not follow, with awful reverence, the majesty of his reason, or the dignity of the long-extended period, we at least catch a pleasing sentiment in a natural and unaffected style.”—

Goldsmith's merit, as a poet, is universally acknowledged. His writings partake rather of the elegance and harmony of Pope, than the grandeur and sublimity of Milton; and, as we observed before, from the authority of Dr. Johnson, he rivals every writer of verse since the death of Pope; and it is to be lamented that his poetical productions are not more numerous; for though his ideas flowed rapidly, he arranged them with great caution, and occupied much time in polishing his periods, and harmonizing his numbers.

His most favourite Poems are the *Traveller*, *Deserted Village*, *Hermit*, and *Retaliation*. These productions may justly be ranked with the most admired works in English Poetry.

The Traveller delights us with a display of charming imagery, refined ideas, and happy expression. The characteristics of the different nations are strongly marked, and the predilection of each inhabitant in favour of his own ingeniously described.

The *Deserted Village* is generally admired: the characters are drawn from the life. The descriptions are lively and picturesque; and the whole appears so easy and natural, as to bear the semblance of historical truth more than poetical fiction. The

The *Hermit* holds equal estimation with the rest of his poetical productions; and its beauties did not fail to attract the notice of the artist. The subject is delineated in a masterly manner by the pencil of Mr. Kirk, to which ample justice is done by the Engraving of Mr. Anker Smith; and, through the united skill of those ingenious Artists, produces a very chaste and elegant Vignette.

His last poem of *Retaliation*, to which we have before adverted, is replete with humour, free from spleen, and forcibly exhibits the prominent features of the several characters to which it alludes. Dr. Johnson, as reported by Mr. Boswell, sums up his literary character in the following concise manner. "Take him [Goldsmith] as a Poet, his *Traveller* is a very fine performance, and so is his *Deserted Village*, were it not sometimes too much the echo of his *Traveller*. Whether we take him as a poet, as a comic writer, or as an historian, he stands in the first class."



COMMENDATORY VERSES.

EXTRACT FROM A POEM WRITTEN BY
MR. PRATT,
ON THE DEATH OF EMINENT ENGLISH POETS.

THE TEARS OF GENIUS.

THE village-bell tolls out the note of death,
And through the echoing air, the length'ning
 sound,
With dreadful pause, reverberating deep;
Spreads the sad tidings, o'er fair Auburn's vale.
There, to enjoy the icenes her bard had prais'd
In all the sweet simplicity of song,
Genius, in pilgrim garb, sequester'd sat,
And herded jocund with the harmless swains:
But when she heard the fate-forboding knell,
With startled step, precipitate and swift,
And look pathetic, full of dire presage,
The church-way walk, beside the neighb'ring green,
Sorrowing she sought; and there, in black array,
Borne on the shoulders of the swains he lov'd,
She saw the boast of Auburn mov'd along.
Touch'd at the view, her pensive breast she struck,
And to the cypress, which incumbent hangs
With leaning slope, and branch irregular,
O'er the moisd pillars of the sacred fane,
The briar-bound graves shadowing with funeral gloom,
Forlorn she hied; and there the crowding woe
(Swell'd by the parent) press'd on bleeding thought,
Big ran the drops from her maternal eye,
Fast broke the bosom-sorrow from her heart,
And pale Distress sat sickly on her cheek,
As thus her plaintive Elegy began.

And must my children all expire?
Shall none be left to strike the lyre?
Courts Death alone a learned prize?
Falls his shafts only on the wife?

Can no fit marks on earth be found,
 From useless thousands swarming round ?
 What crowding cyphers cram the land !
 What hosts of victims, at command !
 Yet shall th' ingenious drop alone ?
 Shall Science grace the tyrant's throne ?
 Thou murd'rer of the tuneful train !
 I charge thee, with my children slain !
 Scarce has the sun thrice urg'd his annual tour,
 Since half my race have felt thy barbarous pow'r ;
 Sore hast thou thinn'd each pleasing art,
 And struck a muse with every dart :
 Bard, after bard, obey'd thy slaughtering call,
 Till scarce a poet lives to sing a brother's fall.
 Then let a widow'd mother pay
 The tribute of a parting lay.
 Tearful, inscribe the monumental strain,
 And speak aloud, her feelings, and her pain !
 And first, farewell to thee, my son, she cried ;
 Thou pride of Auburn's dale—sweet bard, farewell.
 Long for thy sake, the peasants tear shall flow,
 And many a virgin-bosom heave with woe ;
 For thee shall sorrow sadden all the scene,
 And every pastime perish on the green ;
 The sturdy farmer shall suspend his tale,
 The woodman's ballad shall no more regale ;
 No more shall Mirth each rustic sport inspire,
 But every frolic, every feat shall tire.
 No more the evening gambol shall delight,
 Nor moonshine revels crown the vacant night,
 But groupes of villagers (each joy forgot)
 Shall form a sad assembly round the cot.
 Sweet bard, farewell—and farewell, Auburn's bliss,
 The bashful lover, and the yielded kiss ;
 The evening warble Philomela made,
 The echoing forest, and the whispering shade,
 The winding brook, the bleat of brute content,
 And the blithe voice that “ whistled as it went.”
 These shall no longer charm the plowman's care,
 But sighs shall fill the pauses of despair.

Goldsmith, adieu ! the “ book-learn’d priest” for
thee

Shall now in vain possess his festive glee,
The oft-heard jest in vain he shall reveal,
For now, alas, the jest he cannot feel.
But ruddy damsels o’er thy tomb shall bend,
And conscious weep for their and virtue’s friend :
The milk-maid shall reject the shepherd’s song,
And cease to carol as she toils along :
All Auburn shall bewail the fatal day,
When from her fields their pride was snatch’d away ;
And e’en the matron of the creffy lake
In piteous plight her palsied head shall shake,
While all adown the furrows of her face
Slow shall the lingering tears each other trace.

And, Oh, my child ! severer woes remain,
To all the houseless and unshelter’d train :
Thy fate shall sadden many an humble guest,
And heap fresh anguish on the beggar’s breast.
For dear wert thou to all the sons of pain ;
To all that wander, sorrow, or complain.
Dear to the learned, to the simple dear,
For daily blessings mark’d thy virtuous year ;
The rich receiv’d a moral from thy head,
And from thy heart the stranger found a bed.
Distress came always smiling from thy door ;
For God had made thee agent to the poor ;
Had form’d thy feelings on the noblest plan,
To grace at once, the poet, and the man.

EXTRACT FROM A MONODY ON THE DEATH OF
DR. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

DARK as the night, which now in dunnest robe,
Ascends her zenith, o’er the silent globe ;
Sad melancholy wakes, awhile to tread,
With solemn step, the mansions of the dead :
Led by her hand, o’er this yet recent shrine
I sorrowing bend ; and here essay to twine
The tributary wreath of laureat bloom,
With artless hands, to deck a poet’s tomb ;

The tomb where Goldsmith sleeps. Fond hopes, adieu !
No more your airy dreams shall mock my view :
Here will I learn ambition to controul,
And each aspiring passion of the soul :
E'en now, methinks, his well-known voice I hear,
When late he meditated flight from care,
When, as imagination fondly hied
To scenes of sweet retirement, thus he cried.

“ Ye splendid fabrics, palaces and towers,
“ Where dissipation leads the giddy hours,
“ Where pomp, disease, and knavery reside,
“ And folly bends the knee to wealthy pride ;
“ Where luxury's purveyors learn to rise,
“ And worth, to want a prey, unfriended dies ;
“ Where warbling Eunuchs glitter in brocade,
“ And hapless Poets toil for scanty bread :
“ Farewel ! to other scenes I turn my eyes,
“ Embosom'd in the vale where Auburn lies,
“ Deserted Auburn, those now ruin'd glades,
“ Forlorn, yet ever dear and honour'd shades.
“ There though the Hamlet boasts no smiling train,
“ Nor sportful pastime circling on the plain ;
“ No needy villains proul around for prey,
“ No slanderers, no sycophants betray ;
“ No gaudy foplings scornfully deride
“ The swain, whose humble pipe is all his pride.
“ There will I fly to seek that soft repose,
“ Which solitude contemplative bestows :
“ Yet, oh, fond hope ! perchance there still remains
“ One lingering friend behind, to bless the plains ;
“ Some hermit of the dale, inshrined in ease,
“ Long lost companion of my youthful days ;
“ With whose sweet converse in his social bower,
“ I oft may chide away some vacant hour ;
“ To whose pure sympathy, I may impart
“ Each latent grief, that labours at my heart,
“ Whate'er I felt, and what I saw, relate,
“ The shoals of luxury, the wrecks of state ;
“ Those busy scenes, where science wakes in vain,
“ In which I shar'd, ah ! ne'er to share again.

“ But whence that pang? does nature now rebel?
“ Why falters out my tongue the word farewell?
“ Ye friends! who long have witness'd to my toil,
“ And seen me ploughing in a thankless soil,
“ Whose partial tenderness hush'd every pain,
“ Whose approbation made my bosom vain;
“ 'Tis you to whom my soul divided hies
“ With fond regret, and half unwilling flies;
“ Sighs forth her parting wishes to the wind,
“ And lingering leaves her better half behind.
“ Can I forget the intercourse I shar'd,
“ What friendship cherish'd, and what zeal endear'd?
“ Alas! remembrance still must turn to you,
“ And to my latest hour, protract the long adieu.
“ Amid the woodlands, wheresoe'er I rove,
“ The plain, or secret covert of the grove,
“ Imagination shall supply her store
“ Of painful bliss, and what she can restore;
“ Shall strew each lonely path with flowrets gay,
“ And wide as is her boundless empire stray;
“ On eagle pinions traverse earth and skies,
“ And bid the lost and distant objects rise.
“ Here, where encircled o'er the sloping land
“ Woods rise on woods, shall Aristotle stand;
“ Lyceum round the godlike man rejoice,
“ And bow with reverence to wisdom's voice.
“ There, spreading oaks shall arch the vaulted dome;
“ The Champion, there, of liberty, and Rome,
“ In attic eloquence shall thunder laws,
“ And uncorrupted senates shout applause.
“ Not more extatic visions rapt the soul
“ Of Numa, when to midnight grotts he stole,
“ And learnt his lore, from virtue's mouth refin'd,
“ To fetter vice, and harmonize mankind.
“ Now stretch'd at ease beside some fav'rite stream,
“ Of beauty and enchantment will I dream;
“ Elysium, seats of art, and laurels won,
“ The Graces three, and * Japhet's fabled son;

* Prometheus,

“ Whilst Angelo shall wave the mystic rod,
 “ And see a new creation wait his nod;
 “ Prescribe his bounds to Time’s remorseless power,
 “ And, to my arms, my absent friends restore;
 “ Place me amidst the group, each well-known face,
 “ The sons of science, lords of human race;
 “ And as oblivion sinks at his command,
 “ Nature shall rise more finish’d from his hand;
 “ Thus some Magician, fraught with potent skill,
 “ Transforms and moulds each varied mass at will;
 “ Calls animated forms of wondrous birth,
 “ Cadmean offspring, from the teeming earth;
 “ Uncears the ponderous tombs, the realms of night,
 “ And calls their cold inhabitants to light;
 “ Or, as he traverses a dreary scene,
 “ Bids every sweet of nature there convene,
 “ Huge mountains, skirted round with wavy woods,
 “ The shrub-deckt lawns, and silver sprinkled floods,
 “ Whilst flowrets spring around the smiling land,
 “ And follow on the traces of his wand.

“ Such prospects, lovely Auburn! then, be thine;
 “ And what thou canst of bliss impart be mine;
 “ Amid thy humble shades, in tranquil ease,
 “ Grant me to pass the remnant of my days.
 “ Unfetter’d from the toil of wretched gain,
 “ My raptur’d muse shall pour her noblest strain,
 “ Within her native bowers the notes prolong,
 “ And, grateful, meditate her latest song.
 “ Thus, as adown the slope of life I bend,
 “ And move, resign’d, to meet my latter end,
 “ Each wordly wish, each worldly care repress,
 “ A self-approving heart alone possess,
 “ Content, to bounteous heaven I’ll leave the rest.” }

Thus spoke the Bard: but not one friendly power
 With nod assentive crown’d the parting hour;
 No eastern meteor glar’d beneath the sky,
 No dextral omen; Nature heav’d a sigh
 Prophetic of the dire impending blow,
 The presage of her loss, and Britain’s woe.

Already portion'd, unrelenting Fate
 Had made a pause upon the number'd date;
 Behind stood death, too horrible for sight,
 In darkness clad, expectant, prun'd for flight;
 Pleas'd at the word, the shapeless monster sped,
 On eager message to the humble shed,
 Where, wrapt by soft poetic visions round,
 Sweet slumbering, Fancy's darling son he found.
 At his approach the silken pinion'd train,
 Affrighted, mount aloft, and quit the brain
 Which late they fann'd: now other scenes than dales
 Of woody pride, succeed, or flow'ry vales:
 As when a sudden tempest veils the sky,
 Before serene, and streaming lightnings fly;
 The prospect shifts, and pitchy volumes roll,
 Along the drear expanse, from pole to pole;
 Terrific horrors all the void invest,
 Whilst the Archspectre issues forth confest.
 The bard beholds him beckon to the tomb
 Of yawning night, eternity's dread womb;
 In vain attempts to fly, the impassive air
 Retards his steps, and yields him to despair;
 He feels a gripe that thrills through every vein,
 And panting struggles in the fatal chain.
 Here paus'd the fell destroyer to survey
 The pride, the boast of man, his destin'd prey,
 Prepar'd to strike, he pois'd aloft the dart,
 And plung'd the steel in Virtue's bleeding heart;
 Abhorrent, back the springs of life rebound,
 And leave on Nature's face a grisly wound,
 A wound enroll'd among Britannia's woes,
 That ages yet to follow cannot close.

Oh, Goldsmith! how shall sorrow now essay
 To murmur out her flow incondite lay?
 In what sad accents mourn the luckless hour,
 That yielded thee to unrelenting power;
 Thee, the proud boast of all the tuneful train
 That sweep the lyre, or swell the polish'd strain?
 Much honour'd Bard! if my untutor'd verse
 Could pay a tribute worthy of thy hearse,

With fearless hands I'd build the fane of praise,
 And boldly strew the never-fading bays.
 But, ah ! with thee my guardian Genius fled,
 And pillow'd in thy tomb his silent head :
 Pain'd Memory alone behind remains,
 And pensive stalks the solitary plains ;
 Rich in her sorrows, honours without art,
 She pays in tears, redundant from the heart.
 And say, what boots it o'er thy hallow'd dust
 To heap the graven pile, or laurell'd bust ;
 Since by thy hands already rais'd on high,
 We see a fabric tow'ring to the sky ;
 Where hand and hand with time, the sacred lore
 Shall travel on till nature is no more ?

ON THE DEATH OF DR. GOLDSMITH.

BY W. WOTY.

ADIEU, sweet bard ! to each fine feeling true ;
 Thy virtues many, and thy foibles few ;
 Those form'd to charm e'en vicious minds, and these
 With harmless mirth the social soul to please.
 Another's woe thy heart could always melt ;
 None gave more free,—for none more deeply felt.
 Sweet bard, adieu ! thy own harmonious lays
 Have sculptur'd out thy monument of praise :
 Yes, these survive to time's remotest day,
 While drops the bust, and boastful tombs decay.
 Reader, if number'd in the Muse's train,
 Go, tune the lyre, and imitate his strain ;
 But, if no poet thou, reverse the plan ;
 Depart in peace, and imitate the man.



THE
TRAVELLER;
OR,
A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.
A POEM. 1765.

TO THE REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH.

Dear Sir,

I AM sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a Dedication; and perhaps it demands an excuse thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this Poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inscribed to you. It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader understands, that it is addressed to a man, who, despising fame and fortune, has retired early to happiness and obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a year.

I now perceive, my dear brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a sacred office, where the harvest is great, and the labourers are but few; while you have left the field of ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition, what from the refinement of the times, from different systems of criticism, and from the divisions of party, that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest.

Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, Painting and Music come in for a share. As these offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at first rival Poetry, and at length supplant her; they engross all that favour once shewn to her, and, though but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birth-right.

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Yet, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is still in greater danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticisms have we not heard of late in favour of blank verse, and Pindaric odes, chorusses, anapests and iambics, alliterative care and happy negligence! Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it; and as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say; for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art still more dangerous; I mean Party. Party entirely distorts the judgment, and destroys the taste. When the mind is once infected with this disease, it can only find pleasure in what contributes to increase the distemper. Like the tyger, that seldom desists from pursuing man, after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader, who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes, ever after, the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name of poet: his tawdry lampoons are called satires; his turbulence is said to be force, and his phrenzy fire.

What reception a Poem may find, which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I solicitous to know. My aims are right. Without espousing the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to shew, that there may be equal happiness in states that are differently governed from our own; that every state has a particular principle of happiness, and that this principle in each may be carried to a mischievous excess. There are few can judge better than yourself how far these positions are illustrated in this Poem.

I am, Dear Sir,
Your most affectionate Brother,
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE TRAVELLER.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a length'ning chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair:
Blest be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care;
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And, plac'd on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store should thankless pride repine?

Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendor crown'd;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still;
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that heaven to man supplies:
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long night of revelry and ease:
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam;
His first, best country, ever is at home;
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;

As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her blifs at labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supply'd
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy fide;
And though the rocky crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content;
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails;
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails:
Hence every state to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
'Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here for a while my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right, where Appennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's fide,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;

These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear;
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign:
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And e'en in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs; not far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state;
At her command the palace learnt to rise,
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies;
The canvas glow'd beyond e'en Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form;
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
While nought remain'd, of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave;
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supply'd
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The paste-board triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
The sports of children satisfy the child;
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long controul,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:

As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time, and tott'ring in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul turn from them, turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread.
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, e'en here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
To make him loath his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each with contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous plough-share to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His childrens' looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those ills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
Yet let them only share the praises due;
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
For every want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a mouldering fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures; or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow;
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
For, as refinement stops, from fire to son,
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way;
These, far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease;
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please;
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch, falt'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;
Yet would the village praise my wond'rous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandfire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burthen of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display;
Thus idly busy rolls their world away.
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear;
For honour forms the social temper here.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffick round the land:
From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleas'd; they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their blifs supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart.
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robe of frize with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;

The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore;
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The flow canal, the yellow blossom'd vale,
The willow tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crouded mart, the cultivated plain;
A new creation rescu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here displayed. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts:
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear;
E'en liberty itself is barter'd here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies;
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves;
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic fires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;

Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspis glide.
'There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,
Extremes are only in the master's mind!
Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand;
Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
True to imagin'd right above controul,
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here;
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too blest, indeed, were such without alloy;
But, foster'd e'en by Freedom, ills annoy;
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd;
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress'd ambition struggles round her shore,
Till over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motion stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,

One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great ;
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire ;
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel ;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's fostering fun ;
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure ;
I only would repress them to secure ;
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil ;
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a pert aspires !
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms :
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own ;
When I behold a factious bond agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free ;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw ;
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law ;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home ;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart ;
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power ;
And thus polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force !
Have we not seen round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchange'd for useless ore ?

Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the fire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?

E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and through dangerous ways;
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centers in the mind:
Why have I stray'd, from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

THE
DESERTED VILLAGE.

A P O E M.

FIRST PRINTED IN MDCCLXIX.

TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Dear Sir,

I Can have no expectations in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this Poem to you.

How far you may be pleased with the versification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I do not pretend to enquire; but I know you will object (and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion) that the depopulation it deplores is no where to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the Poet's own imagination. To this I can scarce make any other answer, than that I
sincerely

sincerely believe what I have written; that I have taken all possible pains, in my country excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I alledge, and that all my views and enquiries have led me to believe those miseries real which I here attempt to display. But this is not the place to enter into an enquiry, whether the country be depopulating, or not; the discussion would take up much room; and I shall prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past, it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages; and all the wisdom of antiquity in that particular as erroneous. Still, however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head, and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states, by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed, so much has been poured out of late on the other side of the question, that, merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be in the right. I am, Dear Sir,

Your sincere Friend and ardent Admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET AUBURN! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd.
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paus'd on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill;
The decent church, that topt the neighb'ring hill;
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;
The dancing pair, that simply sought renown,
By holding out, to tire each other down;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love;
The matron's glance, that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed;
These were thy charms—But all these charms are fled.
Sweet smiling village! loveliest of the lawn;
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;

Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green :
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain :
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choak'd with sedges, works its weedy way :
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow sounding bittern guards its nest :
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvary'd cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall ;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay :
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade ;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made ;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supply'd.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man ;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store ;
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more :
His best companions, innocence and health ;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd ; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain :
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumb'rous pomp repose ;
And every want to luxury ally'd,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours, that plenty bade to bloom ;
Those calm desires, that ask'd but little room ;
Those healthful sports, that grac'd the peaceful scene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green ;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet AUBURN ! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.

Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes (for pride attends us still)
Amidst the swains to shew my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as an hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease!
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
His Heaven commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at ev'ning's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I past with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;

The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung ;
The sober herd, that low'd to meet their young ;
The noisy geese, that gabbled o'er the pool ;
The playful children, just let loose from school ;
The watch-dog's voice, that bay'd the whisp'ring wind ;
And the loud laugh, that spoke the vacant mind ;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass grown foot-way tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled.

All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring ;
She, wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn ;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild ;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was, to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year :
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor ere had chang'd, nor wish'd to change, his place ;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train ;
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain :
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast :
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd :
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;

Wept o'er his wounds ; or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to Virtue's side ;
But in his duty, prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all :
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The rev'rend champion stood. At his controul,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last fault'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place :
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd ;
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd :
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given ;
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven ;
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence, that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school :

A man severe he was, and stern to view ;
I knew him well, and every truant knew :
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face :
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes ; for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd :
Yet he was kind ; or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault :
The village all declar'd how much he knew ;
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too :
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage ;
And e'en the story ran, that he could gauge.
In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill ;
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still ;
While words of learned strength, and thund'ring sound,
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around ;
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot,
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendors of that festive place ;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor ;
The varnish'd clock, that click'd behind the door ;
The chest, contriv'd a double debt to pay ;
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;
The pictures, plac'd for ornament and use ;
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers and fennel gay ;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendor! could not all
Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall!
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart:
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the wood-man's ballad, shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling blifs go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train,
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway:
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvy'd, unmolested, unconfin'd.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and an happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful product still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supply'd;

Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds ;
Space for his horses, equipage and hounds :
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth ;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green ;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies.
While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes ;
But when those charms are past, (for charms are frail,)
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress ;
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise ;
While, scourg'd by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band ;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden, and a grave.

Where then, ah ! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride ?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And e'en the bare-worn common is deny'd.

If to the city sped—What waits him there ?
To see profusion that he must not share ;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind ;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade ;

Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
 There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
 The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,
 Here, richly deckt, admits the gorgeous train ;
 Tumultuous grandeur crouds the blazing square,
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
 Sure scenes like these no troubles ere annoy !
 Sure these denote one universal joy !
 Are these thy serious thoughts ?—Ah, turn thine eyes
 Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies.
 She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
 Has wept at tales of innocence distressed ;
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn ;
 Now lost to all ; her friends, her virtue fled,
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her head ;
 And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
 With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
 When idly first, ambitious of the town,
 She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet AUBURN, thine, the loveliest train,
 Do thy fair tribes participate her pain ?
 E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
 At proud mens doors they ask a little bread !

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
 Where half the convex world intrudes between,
 Through torrid tracks with fainting steps they go,
 Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
 Far different there from all that charm'd before,
 The various terrors of that horrid shore ;
 Those blazing suns, that dart a downward ray,
 And fiercely shed intolerable day ;
 Those matted woods, where birds forget to sing,
 But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling ;
 Those pois'nous fields, with rank luxuriance crown'd,
 Where the dark scorpion gathers death around ;
 Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
 The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake ;
 Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
 And savage men, more murd'rous still than they ;

While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heav'n! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And, shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old fire, the first prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for other's woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury! thou curst by heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own.
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

E'en now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;

E'en now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand:
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderneſs, are there;
And piety, with wiſhes plac'd above;
And ſteady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, ſweet Poetry, thou lovelieſt maid,
Still firſt to fly where ſenſual joys invade;
Unfit in theſe degen'rate times of ſhame,
To catch the heart, or ſtrike for honeſt fame;
Dear charming nymph! neglected and decry'd;
My ſhame in crowds, my ſolitary pride.
Thou ſource of all my bliſs, and all my woe,
That found'ſt me poor at firſt, and keep'ſt me ſo;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurſe of every virtue, fare thee well;
Farewel; and, O! where'er thy voice be try'd,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's ſide,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in ſnow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redreſs the rigours of th' inclement clime:
Aid ſlighted truth, with thy perſuaſive ſtrain;
Teach erring man to ſpurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that ſtates, of native ſtrength poſſeſt,
Though very poor, may ſtill be very bleſt;
That trade's proud empire haſtes to ſwift decay,
As ocean ſweeps the labour'd mole away;
While ſelf-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks reſiſt the billows and the ſky.



THE HERMIT.

A BALLAD, 1765.

*The following Letter, addressed to the Printer of the
St. James's Chronicle, appeared in that Paper,
in June, 1767.*

Sir,

AS there is nothing I dislike so much as newspaper controversy, particularly upon trifles, permit me to be as concise as possible in informing a correspondent of your's, that I recommended Blainville's Travels, because I thought the book was a good one ; and I think so still. I said, I was told by the bookseller that it was then first published ; but in that, it seems, I was mis-informed, and my reading was not extensive enough to set me right.

Another correspondent of your's accuses me of having taken a ballad, I published some time ago, from one* by the ingenious Mr. Percy. I do not think there is any resemblance between the two pieces in question. If there be any, his ballad is taken from mine. I read it to Mr. Percy some years ago ; and he (as we both considered these things as trifles at best) told me, with his usual good humour, the next time I saw him, that he had taken my plan to form the fragments of Shakespear into a ballad of his own. He then read me his little Cento, if I may so call it, and I highly approved it. Such petty anecdotes as these are scarce worth printing ; and, were it not for the busy disposition of some of your correspondents, the public should never have known that he owes me the hint of his ballad, or that I am obliged to his friendship and learning for communications of a much more important nature. I am, Sir, your's, &c.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

* The Friar of Orders Gray. "Reliques of Ancient Poetry," Vol. II. p. 243.

THE HERMIT.

“ **T**URN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
“ And guide my lonely way
“ To where yon taper cheers the vale
“ With hospitable ray.

“ For here forlorn and lost I tread,
“ With fainting steps and slow ;
“ Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
“ Seem length’ning as I go.”

“ Forbear, my son,” the Hermit cries,
“ To tempt the dangerous gloom ;
“ For yonder faithless phantom flies
“ To lure thee to thy doom.

“ Here to the houseless child of want
“ My door is open still ;
“ And though my portion is but scant,
“ I give it with good will.

“ Then turn to night, and freely share
“ Whate’er my cell bestows ;
“ My rushy couch and frugal fare,
“ My blessing and repose.

“ No flocks, that range the valley free,
“ To slaughter I condemn :
“ Taught by that Power that pities me,
“ I learn to pity them :

“ But from the mountain’s grassy side
“ A guiltless feast I bring ;
“ A scrip with herbs and fruits supply’d,
“ And water from the spring.



GOLDSMITH.

Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego,
All earth-born cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

“ Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
“ All earth-born cares are wrong:
“ Man wants but little here below,
“ Nor wants that little long.”

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighb’ring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir’d a master’s care;
The wicket, op’ning with a latch,
Receiv’d the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The Hermit trimm’d his little fire,
And cheer’d his pensive guest:

And spread his vegetable store,
And gayly prest, and smil’d;
And, skill’d in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil’d.

Around, in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth;
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger’s woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spy'd,
With answering care oppress'd :

“ And whence, unhappy youth ! ” he cry'd,
“ The sorrows of thy breast ?

“ From better habitations spurn'd,
“ Reluctant dost thou rove :

“ Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
“ Or unregarded love ?

“ Alas ! the joys that fortune brings,
“ Are trifling and decay ;

“ And those who prize the paltry things,
“ More trifling still than they.

“ And what is friendship but a name,
“ A charm that lulls to sleep ;

“ A shade that follows wealth or fame,
“ And leaves the wretch to weep ?

“ And love is still an emptier sound,
“ The modern fair-one's jest :

“ On earth unseen, or only found
“ To warm the turtle's nest.

“ For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
“ And spurn the sex,” he said :

But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpriz'd he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view ;

Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms :

The lovely stranger stands confess'd
A maid in all her charms.

“ And, ah, forgive a stranger rude,
“ A wretch forlorn,” she cry’d ;
“ Whose feet unhallow’d thus intrude
“ Where heaven and you reside.

“ But let a maid thy pity share,
“ Whom love has taught to stray ;
“ Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
“ Companion of her way.

“ My father liv’d beside the Tyne,
“ A wealthy lord was he ;
“ And all his wealth was mark’d as mine,
“ He had but only me.

“ To win me from his tender arms,
“ Unnumber’d suitors came ;
“ Who prais’d me for imputed charms,
“ And felt or feign’d a flame.

“ Each hour a mercenary croud
“ With richest proffers strove :
“ Among the rest young Edwin bow’d,
“ But never talk’d of love.

“ In humble, simplest habit clad,
“ No wealth or power had he :
“ Wisdom and worth were all he had,
“ But these were all to me.

“ The blossom opening to the day,
“ The dews of heaven refin’d,
“ Could nought of purity display,
“ To emulate his mind.

“ The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
“ With charms inconstant shine ;
“ Their charms were his, but, woe to me,
“ Their constancy was mine.

“ For still I try’d each fickle art,
“ Importunate and vain ;
“ And while his passion touch’d my heart,
“ I triumph’d in his pain.

“ Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
“ He left me to my pride ;
“ And sought a solitude forlorn
“ In secret, where he dy’d.

“ But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
“ And well my life shall pay ;
“ I’ll seek the solitude he sought,
“ And stretch me where he lay.

“ And there forlorn, despairing hid,
“ I’ll lay me down and die :
“ ’Twas so for me that Edwin did,
“ And so for him will I.”

“ Forbid it, heaven !” the Hermit cry’d,
And clasp’d her to his breast :
The wondering fair-one turn’d to chide ;
’Twas Edwin’s self that prest.

“ Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
“ My charmer, turn to see
“ Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
“ Restor’d to love and thee.

“ Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
“ And every care resign.
“ And shall we never, never part,
“ My life—my all that’s mine ?

“ No, never, from this hour to part,
“ We’ll live and love so true ;
“ The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
“ Shall break thy Edwin’s too.”

RETALIATION.

A POEM.*

OF old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was
united.

If our † landlord supplies us with beef, and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best
dish :

Our ‡ Dean shall be venison, just fresh from the plains ;

Our § Burke shall be tongue, with a garnish of brains ;

Our || Will shall be wild fowl, of excellent flavour,

And ¶ Dick with his pepper shall heighten their flavour :

Our ** Cumberland's sweet-bread its place shall obtain,

And †† Douglas is pudding, substantial and plain :

Our ‡‡ Garrick's a salad ; for in him we see

Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree.

To make out the dinner, full certain I am,

That §§ Ridge is anchovy, and ||| Reynolds is lamb ;

That ¶¶ Hickey's a capon ; and, by the same rule,

Magnanimous Goldsmith, a gooseberry fool.

At a dinner so various, at such a repast,

Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last ?

* First printed in 1774, after the author's death. Dr. Goldsmith and some of his friends occasionally dined at the St. James's Coffee-house. One day it was proposed to write epitaphs on him. His country, dialect, and person, furnished subjects of witicism. He was called on for *Retaliation*, and, at their next meeting, produced the following Poem.

† The master of the St. James's Coffee-house, where the Doctor, and the friends he has characterized in this Poem, occasionally dined.

‡ Doctor Barnard, dean of Derry in Ireland.

§ Mr. Edmund Burke.

| Mr. William Burke, late secretary to general Conway, and member for Bedwin.

¶ Mr. Richard Burke, collector for Grenada.

** Mr. Richard Cumberland, author of the *West Indian*, *Fashionable Lover*, the *Brothers*, and other dramatic pieces.

†† Doctor Douglas, canon of Windsor, an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no less distinguished himself as a citizen of the world, than a sound critic, in detecting several literary mistakes (or rather forgeries) of his countrymen ; particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bower's History of the Popes.

‡‡ David Garrick, Esq.

§§ Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar,

||| Sir Joshua Reynolds.

¶¶ An eminent attorney.

Here, waiter, more wine ; let me sit while I'm able,
 'Till all my companions sink under the table ;
 Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
 Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good * dean, re-united to earth,
 Who mixt reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth :
 If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt ;
 At least, in six weeks, I could not find 'em out ;
 Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be deny'd 'em,
 That fly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good † Edmund, whose genius was such,
 We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much ;
 Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
 And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
 Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his
 throat,

To persuade ‡ Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote ;
 Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
 And thought of convincing, while they thought of
 dining ;

Though equal to all things, for all things unfit ;
 Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit :
 For a patriot too cool ; for a drudge, disobedient ;
 And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
 In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, Sir,
 To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest § William, whose heart was a mint,
 While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't ;
 The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
 His conduct still right, with his argument wrong ;
 Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
 The coachman was tipsey, the chariot drove home.
 Would you ask for his merits ? alas ! he had none ;
 What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his
 own.

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must sigh at ;
 Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet !

* Vide page 41.

† Vide page 41.

‡ Mr. T. Townshend, member for Whitechurch.

§ Vide page 41.

What spirits were his ! what wit and what whim !
 * Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb !
 Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball !
 Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all !
 In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
 That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old Nick ;
 But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
 As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here † Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
 The Terence of England, the mender of hearts ;
 A flattering painter, who made it his care
 To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
 His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
 And comedy wonders at being so fine ;
 Like a tragedy queen, he has dizen'd her out,
 Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.
 His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
 Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud ;
 And coxcombs alike in their failings alone,
 Adopting his portraits, are pleas'd with their own.
 Say, where has our poet this malady caught ?
 Or, wherefore his characters thus without fault ?
 Say, was it that vainly directing his view
 To find out mens virtues, and finding them few,
 Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
 He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself ?

Here ‡ Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
 The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks :
 Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
 Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant re-
 clines :

When satire and censure encircled his throne,
 I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own ;

* Mr. Richard Burke; vide page 41. This gentleman having slightly fractured one of his arms and legs, at different times, the doctor has rallied him on those accidents, as a kind of retributive justice for breaking his jests upon other people.

† Vide page 41.

‡ Vide page 41.

But now he is gone, and we want a detector :

Our * Dodds shall be pious, our † Kenricks shall lecture ;

‡ Macpherson write bombast, and call it a style ;

Our § Townshend make speeches, and I shall compile ;

New || Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross over,

No countryman living their tricks to discover ;

Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,

And Scotchman meet Scotchman, and cheat in the dark.

Here lies ¶ David Garrick ; describe me, who can,
An abridgement of all that was pleasant in man ;

As an actor, confest without rival to shine ;

As a wit, if not first, in the very first line :

Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,

The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.

Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,

And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.

On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting ;

'Twas only that, when he was off, he was acting.

With no reason on earth to go out of his way,

He turn'd and he varied full ten times a-day :

Though secure of our hearts, yet, confoundedly sick,

If they were not his own by finessing and trick :

He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,

For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them back.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,

And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame ;

'Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,

Who pepper'd the highest, was surest to please.

But let us be candid, and speak out our mind ;

If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.

* The Rev. Dr. Dodd.

† Dr. Kenrick, who read lectures at the Devil Tavern, under the title
of " The School of Shakespeare."

‡ James Macpherson, Esq. who lately, from the mere force of his style,
wrote down the first poet of all antiquity.

§ Vide page 42.

|| Vide page 41.

¶ Vide page 41.

Ye * Kenricks, ye † Kellys, and ‡ Woodfalls, so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you
gave !

How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you rais'd,
While he was be-Roscius'd, and you were beprais'd !

But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the skies :

Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will.

Old Shakespeare, receive him, with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here § Hickey reclines, a most blunt, pleasant
creature,

And slander itself must allow him good-nature :

He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper ;

Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.

Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser :

I answer, no, no ; for he always was wiser.

Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat ?

His very worst foe can't accuse him of that.

Perhaps he confided in men as they go,

And so was too foolishly honest ? ah, no !

Then what was his failing ? come tell it, and burn ye.

He was, could he help it ? a special attorney.

Here || Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,

He has not left a wiser or better behind :

His pencil was striking, resistless and grand ;

His manners were gentle, complying and bland ;

Still born to improve us in every part,

His pencil our faces, his manners our heart :

To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,

When they judg'd without skill he was still hard of
hearing :

When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios, and stuff,

He shifted his ¶ trumpet, and only took snuff.

* Vide page 44.

† Mr. Hugh Kelly, author of False Delicacy, Word to the Wife,
Clementina, School for Wives, &c. &c.

‡ Mr. William Woodfall, printer of the Morning Chronicle.

§ Vide page 41.

|| Ibid.

¶ Sir Joshua Reynolds was so remarkably deaf as to be under the necessity
of using an ear-trumpet in company.

POSTSCRIPT.*

HERE Whitefoord reclines, and deny it who can,
Though he merrily liv'd, he is now a † grave
man :

Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun !
Who relish'd a joke, and rejoic'd in a pun ;
Whose temper was generous, open, sincere ;
A stranger to flatt'ry, a stranger to fear ;
Who scatter'd around wit and humour at will ;
Whose daily *bons mots* half a column might fill :
A Scotchman, from pride and from prejudice free ;
A scholar, yet surely no pedant was he.

What pity, alas ! that so lib'ral a mind
Should so long be to newspaper essays confin'd !
Who perhaps to the summit of science could soar,
Yet content " if the table he set in a roar ;"
Whose talents to fill any station was fit,
Yet happy if Woodfall ‡ confess'd him a wit.

Ye newspaper witlings ! ye pert scribbling folks !
Who copied his squibs, and re-echo'd his jokes ;
Ye tame imitators, ye servile herd, come,
Still follow your master, and visit his tomb :
To deck it, bring with you festoons of the vine,
And copious libations bestow on his shrine ;
Then strew all around it (you can do no less)
§ *Cross-readings, ship-news, and mistakes of the press.*

Merry Whitefoord, farewell ! for thy sake I admit
That a Scot may have humour ; I had almost said wit :
This debt to thy mem'ry I cannot refuse,
" Thou best humour'd man with the worst humour'd
" muse."

* After the Fourth Edition of Retaliation was printed, the Publisher received the above Epitaph on Mr. Caleb Whitefoord, from a Friend of the late Doctor Goldsmith.

† Mr. W. was so notorious a punster, that Doctor Goldsmith used to say it was impossible to keep him company, without being infected with the itch of punning.

‡ Mr. H. S. Woodfall, printer of the Public Advertiser.

§ Mr. Whitefoord frequently indulged the town with humorous pieces under those titles in the Public Advertiser.

MISCELLANIES.

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

A POETICAL EPISTLE,

TO LORD CLARE. 1765.

THANKS, my lord, for your venison; for finer or
fatter

Ne'er rang'd in a forest, or smoak'd in a platter:
The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy:
Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help re-
gretting,

To spoil such a delicate picture by eating:
I had thoughts, in my chambers, to place it in view,
To be shewn to my friends as a piece of virtu;
As in some Irish houses, where things are so so,
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show;
But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fry'd in.
But hold—let me pause—don't I hear you pronounce,
'This tale of the bacon's a damnable bounce?
Well, suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try,
By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.

But, my lord, it's no bounce: I protest, in my turn,
It's a truth—and your lordship may ask Mr. Burn.*
To go on with my tale—As I gaz'd on the haunch
I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch;
So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undrest,
To paint it, or eat it, just as he lik'd best.
Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose;
'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival Monroe's;
But, in parting with these, I was puzzled again,
With the how, and the who, and the where, and the
when.

There's H—d, and C—y, and H—rth, and H—ff;
I think they love venison—I know they love beef.

* Lord Clare's Nephew.

There's my countryman Higgins—Oh! let him alone,
 For making a blunder, or picking a bone.
 But hang it—to poets, who seldom can eat,
 Your very good mutton's a very good treat;
 Such dainties to them their health it might hurt;
 It's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt.
 While thus I debated, in reverie center'd,
 An acquaintance (a friend, as he call'd himself) enter'd;
 An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow was he,
 And he smil'd as he look'd at the venison and me.

“What have we got here?—Why, this is good eating!”

“Your own, I suppose—or is it in waiting?”

“Why whose should it be?” cried I, with a flounce:

“I get these things often”—but that was a bounce:

“Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,

“Are pleas'd to be kind—but I hate ostentation.”

“If that be the case then,” cried he, very gay,

“I'm glad I have taken this house in my way.

“To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me:

“No words—I insist on't—precisely at *three*.

“We'll have Johnson and Burke; all the wits will be
 there:

“My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my lord Clare.

“And, now that I think on't, as I am a sinner!

“We wanted this venison to make out the dinner.

“What say you?—a pasty; it shall, and it must;

“And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.

“Here, porter—This venison with me to Mile-end!”

“Nostirring, I beg—my dear friend—my dear friend!”

Thus snatching his hat, he brusht off like the wind,
 And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
 And “nobody with me at sea but myself;”*

Tho' I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty,
 Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good venison pasty,
 Were things that I never dislik'd in my life,
 Though clogg'd with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife.
 So next day in due splendour to make my approach,
 I drove to his door in my own hackney coach.

* See the Letters that passed between his Royal Highness Henry Duke
 of Cumberland and Lady Grosvenor. 120. 1769.

When come to the place where we all were to dine,
 (A chair-lumber'd closet, just twelve feet by nine,)
 My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite dumb,
 With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not come :
 " For I knew it," he cried : " both eternally fail ;
 " The one with his speeches, and t'other with Thrale.
 " But no matter ; I'll warrant we'll make up the party,
 " With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.
 " The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew :
 " They're both of them merry, and authors, like you :
 " The one writes the Snarler, the other the Scourge :
 " Some thinks he writes Cinna—he owns to Panurge."
 While thus he describ'd them by trade and by name,
 They enter'd, and dinner was serv'd as they came.

At the top a fried liver and bacon were seen ;
 At the bottom was tripe, in a swinging tureen :
 At the sides there was spinnage and pudding made hot ;
 In the middle a place where the pasty—was not.
 Now, my lord, as for tripe, it's my utter aversion ;
 And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian ;
 So there I sat stuck, like a horse in a pound,
 While the bacon and liver went merrily round :
 But what vex'd me most, was that d——'d Scottish

rogue,

With his long-winded speeches, his smiles and his
 brogue,
 And, " Madam," quoth he, " may this bit be my
 poison,

" A prettier dinner I never set eyes on :
 " Pray a slice of your liver ; though, may I be curst,
 " But I've eat of your tripe till I'm ready to burst."
 " The tripe !" quoth the Jew, with his chocolate cheek,
 " I could dine on this tripe seven days in the week !
 " I like these here dinners so pretty and small :
 " But your friend there, the Doctor, eats nothing at all."
 " O—oh !" quoth my friend, " he'll come on in a trice ;
 " He's keeping a corner for something that's nice :
 " There's a pasty."—" A pasty !" repeated the Jew ;
 " I don't care if I keep a corner for't too."

“What the de’il, mon, a pasty!” re-echo’d the Scot;
 “Though splitting, I’ll still keep a corner for that.”
 “We’ll all keep a corner,” the lady cried out;
 “We’ll all keep a corner,” was echo’d about.
 While thus we resolv’d, and the pasty delay’d,
 With looks that quite petrifi’d, enter’d the maid:
 A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,
 Wak’d Priam in drawing his curtains by night.
 But we quickly found out (for who could mistake her?)
 That she came with some terrible news from the baker:
 And so it fell out, for that negligent sloven,
 Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven.
 Sad Philomel thus—but let families drop—
 And now, that I think on’t, the story may stop.
 To be plain, my good lord, it’s but labour misplac’d,
 To send such good verses to one of your taste:
 You’ve got an odd something—a kind of discerning—
 A relish—a taste—sicken’d over by learning;
 At least, it’s your temper, as very well known,
 That you think very slightly of all that’s your own:
 So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
 You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this,

THE DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION.

A TALE.

SECLUDED from domestic strife,
 Jack Book-worm led a college life;
 A fellowship at twenty-five
 Made him the happiest man alive;
 He drank his glass, and crack’d his joke,
 And freshmen wonder’d as he spoke.

Such pleasures, unallay’d with care,
 Could any accident impair?
 Could Cupid’s shaft at length transfix
 Our swain, arriv’d at thirty-six?
 O had the archer ne’er come down
 To ravage in a country town!
 Or Flavia been content to stop
 At triumphs in a Fleet-street shop;

O had her eyes forgot to blaze!
Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze;
O!—But let exclamation cease,
Her presence banish'd all his peace.
So with decorum all things carry'd;
Miss frown'd, and blush'd, and then was married.

Need we expose to vulgar sight
The raptures of the bridal night?
Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,
Or draw the curtains, clos'd around?
Let it suffice, that each had charms:
He clasp'd a goddess in his arms;
And though she felt his usage rough,
Yet in a man 'twas well enough.

The honey-moon like lightning flew;
The second brought its transports too.
A third, a fourth, were not amiss;
The fifth was friendship mix'd with bliss;
But, when a twelvemonth pass'd away,
Jack found his goddess made of clay;
Found half the charms that deck'd her face
Arose from powder, shreds, or lace;
But still the worst remain'd behind;
That very face had robb'd her mind.

Skill'd in no other arts was she,
But dressing, patching, repartee;
And, just as humour rose or fell,
By turns a flattern or a belle.
'Tis true she dress'd with modern grace,
Half-naked at a ball or race;
But when at home, at board or bed,
Five greasy night-caps wrap'd her head.
Could so much beauty condescend
To be a dull domestic friend?
Could any curtain lectures bring
To decency so fine a thing?
In short, by night, 'twas fits or fretting;
By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting.
Fond to be seen, she kept a bevy
Of powder'd coxcombs at her levy:

The 'squire and captain took their stations,
And twenty other near relations.
Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke
A sigh in suffocating smoke;
While all their hours were pass'd between
Insulting repartee or spleen.

Thus as her faults each day were known,
He thinks her features coarser grown ;
He fancies every vice she shews,
Or thins her lip, or points her nose :
Whenever rage or envy rise,
How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes !
He knows not how, but so it is,
Her face is grown a knowing phyz ;
And, though her fops are wond'rous civil,
He thinks her ugly as the devil.

Now, to perplex the ravell'd nooze,
As each a different way pursues,
While fullen or loquacious strife
Promis'd to hold them on for life,
That dire disease, whose ruthless power
Withers the beauty's transient flower :
Lo ! the small-pox, whose horrid glare
Levell'd its terrors at the fair ;
And, rifling every youthful grace,
Left but the remnant of a face.

The glass, grown hateful to her sight,
Reflected now a perfect fright ;
Each former art she vainly tries
To bring back lustre to her eyes.
In vain she tries her paste and creams,
To smoothe her skin, or hide its seams ;
Her country beaux and city cousins,
Lovers no more, flew off by dozens :
The 'squire himself was seen to yield,
And e'en the captain quit the field.

Poor madam now, condemn'd to hack
The rest of life with anxious Jack,
Perceiving others fairly flown,
Attempted pleasing him alone.

Jack soon was dazzled to behold
Her present face surpass the old ;
With modesty her cheeks are dy'd,
Humility displaces pride ;
For taudry finery is seen
A person ever neatly clean :
No more presuming on her sway,
She learns good-nature every day :
Serenely gay, and strict in duty,
Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.

A NEW SIMILE,

IN THE MANNER OF SWIFT.

LONG had I sought in vain to find
A likeness for the scribbling kind ;
'The modern scribbling kind, who write
In wit, and sense, and nature's spite ;
'Till reading, I forget what day on,
A chapter out of Tooke's Pantheon,
I think I met with something there,
To suit my purpose to a hair :
But let us not proceed too furious ;
First please to turn to God Mercurius ;
You'll find him pictur'd at full length
In book the second, page the tenth :
The stress of all my proofs on him I lay,
And now proceed we to our simile.

Imprimis, pray observe his hat ;
Wings upon either side—mark that.
Well! what is it from thence we gather ?
Why these denote a brain of feather.
A brain of feather ! very right,
With wit that's flighty, learning light ;
Such as to modern bard's decreed :
A just comparison. Proceed.

In the next place, his feet peruse,
Wings grow again from both his shoes ;
Design'd, no doubt, their part to bear,
And waft his godship through the air ;

And here my simile unites;
For in a modern poet's flights,
I'm sure it may be justly said,
His feet are useful as his head.

Lastly, vouchsafe t' observe his hand,
Fill'd with a snake-incircled wand;
By classic authors, term'd caduceus,
And highly fam'd for several uses.
To wit—most wond'rously endu'd;
No poppy-water half so good;
For let folks only get a touch,
Its soporific virtue's such,
Though ne'er so much awake before,
That quickly they begin to snore.
Add too, what certain writers tell,
With this he drives mens' souls to hell.

Now to apply, begin we then;
His wand's a modern author's pen;
The serpents round about it twin'd,
Denote him of the reptile kind;
Denote the rage with which he writes,
His frothy flaver, venom'd bites;
An equal semblance still to keep,
Alike too both conduce to sleep.
This difference only, as the God
Drove souls to Tart'rus with his rod,
With his goosequill the scribbling elf,
Instead of others, damns himself.

And here my simile almost tript;
Yet grant a word by way of postscript.
Moreover, Merc'ry had a failing:
Well! what of that? out with it—stealing:
In which all modern bards agree,
Being each as great a thief as he:
But e'en this deity's existence
Shall lend my simile assistance.
Our modern bards! why what a pox
Are they but senseless stones and blocks?

THE
LOGICIANS REFUTED.
IN IMITATION OF DEAN SWIFT.*

LOGICIANS have but ill defin'd
As rational the human mind :
Reason, they say, belongs to man,
But let them prove it if they can.
Wise Aristotle and Smiglesius,
By Ratiocinations specious,
Have strove to prove with great precision,
With definition and division,
Homo est ratione peditum ;
But for my soul I cannot credit 'em ;
And must in spite of them maintain,
That man and all his ways are vain ;
And that this boasted lord of nature ;
Is both a weak and erring creature.
That instinct is a surer guide,
Than reason-boasting mortals' pride ;
And that brute beasts are far before 'em,
Deus est anima brutorum.
Whoever knew an honest brute,
At law his neighbour prosecute,
Bring action for assault and battery,
Or friend beguile with lies and flattery ?
O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,
No politics disturb their mind ;
They eat their meals, and take their sport,
Nor know who's in or out at court :
They never to the levee go
To treat as dearest friend, a foe :
They never importune his grace,
Nor ever cringe to men in place ;
Nor undertake a dirty job,
Nor draw the quill to write for Bob.

* This Imitation having originally been adopted by Mr. Faulkner as a genuine Poem by Swift, it has been reprinted in every subsequent edition of the Dean's Poems ; and was not discovered till it was too late to take it out of the present edition.

Fraught with invective, they ne'er go
 To folks at Pater-noster-Row :
 No judges, fiddlers, dancing masters,
 No pick-pockets, or poetafters,
 Are known to honest quadrupedes ;
 No fingle brute his fellows leads.
 Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
 Nor cut each others throat for pay.
 Of beafts, it is confefs'd, the ape
 Comes neareft us in human fhape ;
 Like man he imitates each fafhion,
 And malice is his ruling paffion :
 But both in malice and grimaces,
 A courtier any ape furpaffes.
 Behold him humbly cringing wait
 Upon the minifter of ftate :
 View him foon after to inferiors
 Aping the conduct of fuperiors :
 He promifes with equal air,
 And to perform takes equal care.
 He in his turn finds imitators ;
 At court, the porters, lacquies, waiters,
 Their mafter's manners ftill contract,
 And footmen lords and dukes can act.
 Thus at the court, both great and fmall,
 Behave alike, for all ape all.

A DESCRIPTION

OF AN AUTHOR'S BED-CHAMBER.

WHERE the Red Lion ftaring o'er the way,
 Invites each paffing ft ranger that can pay :
 Where Calvert's butt, and Parsons' black champaign,
 Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury-lane :
 There, in a lonely room, from bailiffs inug,
 The Mufe found Scroggen ftretch'd beneath a rug :
 A window, patch'd with paper, lent a ray,
 That dimly fhew'd the ftate in which he lay ;
 The fanded floor, that grits beneath the tread ;
 The humid wall, with paltry pictures fpread :

The royal game of goose was there in view,
 And the twelve rules the royal martyr drew;
 The Seasons, fram'd with lifting, found a place,
 And brave prince William shew'd his lamp-black face.
 The morn was cold; he views with keen desire
 The rusty grate unconscious of a fire:
 With beer and milk arrears the frieze was scor'd,
 And five crack'd tea-cups dress'd the chimney board;
 A night-cap deck'd his brows instead of bay;
 A cap by night—a stocking all the day!

THE CLOWN'S REPLY.

JOHN TROTT was desir'd by two witty peers,
 To tell them the reason why asses had ears?
 “An't please you,” quoth John, “I'm not given
 “to letters,
 “Nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters,
 “Howe'er, from this time, I shall ne'er see your graces,
 “As I hop'd to be fav'd! without thinking on asses.”
 Edinburgh, 1753.

THE GIFT: TO IRIS,

In Bow-Street, Covent-Garden.

SAY, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
 Dear mercenary beauty,
 What annual off'ring shall I make
 Expressive of my duty?
 My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
 Should I at once deliver,
 Say, would the angry fair-one prize
 The gift, who flights the giver?
 A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
 My rivals give—and let 'em.
 If gems, or gold, import a joy,
 I'll give them—when I get 'em.
 I'll give—but not the full-blown rose,
 Or rose-bud, more in fashion;
 Such short-liv'd off'rings but disclose
 A transitory passion.

I'll give thee something yet unpaid,
 No less sincere than civil:
 I'll give thee—ah! too charming maid,
 I'll give thee—to the devil.

ON A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH STRUCK BLIND BY LIGHTNING.

IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH.

SURE 'twas by Providence design'd,
 Rather in pity, than in hate,
 That he should be, like Cupid, blind,
 To save him from Narcissus' fate.

STANZAS

ON THE

TAKING OF QUEBEC.

A MIDST the clamour of exulting joys,
 Which triumph forces from the patriot heart;
 Grief dares to mingle her soul-piercing voice,
 And quells the raptures which from pleasures start.
 O, Wolfe, to thee a streaming flood of woe,
 Sighing we pay, and think e'en conquest dear:
 Qubec in vain shall teach our breast to glow,
 Whilst thy sad fate extorts the heart-wrung tear.
 Alive, the foe thy dreadful vigour fled,
 And saw thee fall with joy-pronouncing eyes:
 Yet they shall know thou conquerest, though dead!
 Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes rise.

STANZAS ON WOMAN.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
 And finds too late that men betray,
 What charm can soothe her melancholy,
 What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
 To hide her shame from every eye,
 To give repentance to her lover,
 And wring his bosom—is, to die,

PROLOGUES.

PROLOGUE, TO ZOBEIDE:

A TRAGEDY.

Written by

JOSEPH CRADOCK, ESQ.

Acted at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, 1772.

SPOKEN BY MR. QUICK.

IN these bold times, when Learning's sons explore
The distant climates, and the savage shore;
When wise *astronomers* to India steer,
And quit for Venus many a brighter here;
While *botanists*, all cold to smiles and dimpling,
Forfake the fair, and patiently—go simpling;
Our bard into the general spirit enters,
And fits his little frigate for adventures.
With *Scythian* stores, and trinkets deeply laden,
He this way steers his course, in hopes of trading—
Yet ere he lands, he's order'd me before,
To make an observation on the shore.
Where are we driven? our reck'ning sure is lost!
This seems a rocky and a dangerous coast.
Lord, what a sultry climate am I under!
Yon ill-foreboding cloud seems big with thunder!

(Upper Gallery.)

There mangroves spread, and larger than I've seen 'em—
(Pit.)

Here trees of stately size—and billing turtles in 'em—
(Balconies.)

Here ill-condition'd oranges abound—— (Stage.)
And apples, bitter apples strew the ground:
(Tasting them.)

The inhabitants are canibals I fear.
I heard a hissing—there are serpents here!
O, there the people are—best keep my distance:
Our Captain (gentle natives) craves assistance.

Our ship's well stor'd—in yonder creek we've laid her ;
 His Honour is no mercenary trader.
 This is his first adventure; lend him aid,
 And we may chance to drive a thriving trade.
 His goods, he hopes, are prime, and brought from far,
 Equally fit for gallantry and war.
 What, no reply to promises so ample?
 —I'd best step back—and order up a sample.

A PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY THE POET

LABERIUS,

A Roman Knight, whom Cæsar forced upon the Stage.

PRESERVED BY MACROBIUS.*

WHAT! no way left to shun th' inglorious stage,
 And save from infamy my sinking age!
 Scarce half-alive, oppress'd with many a year,
 What in the name of dotage drives me here?
 A time there was, when glory was my guide,
 Nor force nor fraud could turn my steps aside;
 Unaw'd by power, and unappal'd by fear,
 With honest thrift I held my honour dear:
 But this vile hour disperses all my store,
 And all my hoard of honour is no more;
 For ah! too partial to my life's decline,
 Cæsar persuades, submission must be mine;
 Him I obey, whom Heaven itself obeys;
 Hopeless of pleasing, yet inclin'd to please.
 Here then at once I welcome every shame,
 And cancel at threescore a life of fame:
 No more my titles shall my children tell,
 The old buffoon will fit my name as well:
 This day beyond its term my fate extends,
 For life is ended when our honour ends.

* This translation was first printed in one of our Author's earliest works,
 "The Present State of Learning in Europe." 12 mo. 1759.

EPILOGUES.

EPILOGUE,
SPOKEN BY MR. LEE LEWIS,
In the Character of Harlequin,
AT HIS BENEFIT.

HOLD! Prompter, hold! a word before your nonsense;

I'd speak a word or two, to ease my conscience.
My pride forbids it ever should be said,
My heels eclips'd the honours of my head;
That I found humour in a pyeball vest,
Or ever thought that jumping was a jest.

Takes off his mask.

Whence, and what art thou, visionary birth?
Nature disowns, and reason scorns thy mirth;
In thy black aspect every passion sleeps,
The joy that dimples, and the woe that weeps.
How hast thou fill'd the scene with all thy brood,
Of fools pursuing, and of fools pursu'd!
Whose ins and outs no ray of sense discloses,
Whose only plot it is to break our noses;
Whilst from below the trap-door *Dæmons* rise,
And from above the dangling deities;
And shall I mix in this unhallow'd crew?
May rosin'd lightning blast me, if I do!
No—I will act, I'll vindicate the stage;
Shakespeare himself shall feel my tragic rage.
Off! off! vile trappings? a new passion reigns!
The mad'ning monarch revels in my veins.
Oh! for a Richard's voice to catch the theme:
Give me another horse! bind up my wounds!—soft—
'twas but a dream.

Aye, 'twas but a dream; for now there's no retreating:
If I cease Harlequin, I cease from eating.
'Twas thus that *Æsop's* stag, a creature blameless,
Yet something vain, like one that shall be nameless,

Once on the margin of a fountain stood,
And cavill'd at his image in the flood.

“The deuce confound,” he cries, “these drum-stick
thanks,

“They never have my gratitude nor thanks;

“They're perfectly disgraceful! strike me dead!

“But for a head; yes, yes, I have a head.

“How piercing is that eye! how sleek that brow!

“My horns! I'm told horns are the fashion now.”

Whilst thus he spoke, astonish'd! to his view,

Near, and more near, the hounds and huntsmen drew.

Hoicks? hark forward! came thundering from behind;

He bounds aloft, outstrips the fleeting wind:

He quits the woods, and tries the beaten ways;

He starts, he pants, he takes the circling maze.

At length his silly head, so priz'd before,

Is taught his former folly to deplore;

Whilst his strong limbs conspire to set him free,

And at one bound he saves himself, like me.

[Taking a jump through the stage-door.]

EPILOGUE

To the Comedy of the Sisters.

WHAT? five long acts—and all to make us wiser!

Our authorefs sure has wanted an adviser.

Had she consulted me, she should have made

Her moral play a speaking masquerade;

Warm'd up each bustling scene, and, in her rage,

Have emptied all the green-room on the stage.

My life on't, this had kept her play from sinking;

Have pleas'd our eyes, and sav'd the pain of thinking.

Well, since she thus has shewn her want of skill,

What if I give a masquerade?—I will.

But how? ay, there's the rub! *[pausing]*—I've got
my cue:

The world's a masquerade! the masquers, you, you,
you.

[To Boxes, Pit, and Gallery.]

Lud ! what a group the motley scene discloses !
 False wits, false wives, false virgins, and false spouses !
 Statesmen with bridles on ; and, close beside 'em,
 Patriots in party-colour'd suits that ride 'em.
 There Hebes, turn'd of fifty, try once more
 To raise a flame in Cupids of threescore.
 These, in their turn, with appetites as keen,
 Deserting fifty, fasten on fifteen.
 Miss, not yet full fifteen, with fire uncommon,
 Flings down her sampler, and takes up the woman :
 The little urchin smiles, and spreads her lure,
 And tries to kill, ere she's got power to cure.
 Thus 'tis with all—their chief and constant care
 Is to seem every thing—but what they are.
 Yon broad, bold, angry spark, I fix my eye on,
 Who seems t' have robb'd his vizor from the lion ;
 Who frowns, and talks, and swears, with round parade,
 Looking, as who should say, dam'me ! who's afraid ?
[Mimicking.]

Strip but this vizor off, and sure I am
 You'll find his lionship a very lamb.
 Yon politician, famous in debate,
 Perhaps, to vulgar eyes, bestrides the state ;
 Yet, when he deigns his real shape t' assume,
 He turns old woman, and bestrides a broom.
 Yon patriot, too, who presses on your sight,
 And seems to every gazer, all in white,
 If with a bribe his candour you attack,
 He bows, turns round, and whip—the man is black !
 Yon critic, too—but whither do I run ?
 If I proceed, our bard will be undone !
 Well then a truce, since she requests it too :
 Do you spare her, and I'll for once spare you.



SONGS, ELEGIES, &c.

From the Oratorio of the Captivity.

SONG.

THE wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies;
And ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
Bids expectation rise.
Hope, like the glimm'ring taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

SONG.

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SUNG IN THE COMEDY OF
"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."†

AH, me! when shall I marry me?
Lovers are plenty; but fail to relieve me.
He, fond youth! that could carry me,
Offers to love, but means to deceive me.
But I will rally and combat the ruiner:
Not a look, not a smile shall my passion discover.
She that gives all to the false one pursuing her,
Makes but a penitent, and loses a lover.

† "Sir, I send you a small production of the late Dr. Goldsmith, which has never been published, and which might perhaps have been totally lost, had I not secured it. He intended it as a song in the character of Miss Hardcastle, in his admirable comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer," but it was left out, as Mrs. Bulkley, who played the part, did not sing. He sung it himself, in private companies, very agreeably. The tune is a pretty Irish air, called "The Humours of Balamagairy," to which he told me he found it very difficult to adapt words; but he has succeeded very happily in these few lines. As I could sing the tune, and was fond of them, he was so good as to give me them, about a year ago, just as I was leaving London, and bidding him adieu for that season, little apprehending that it was a last farewell. I preserve this little relic, in his own hand writing, with an affectionate care. I am, Sir, your humble servant,
JAMES BOSWELL."

SONG.

O Memory ! thou fond deceiver,
 Still importunate and vain,
 To former joys recurring ever,
 And turning all the past to pain ;
 Thou, like the world, th' oppress'd oppressing,
 Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe ;
 And he who wants each other blessing,
 In thee must ever find a foe.

A SONNET.

WEEPING, murmuring, complaining,
 Lost to ev'ry gay delight ;
 Myra, too sincere for feigning,
 Fears th' approaching bridal night.
 Yet why impair thy bright perfection ?
 Or dim thy beauty with a tear ?
 Had Myra follow'd my direction,
 She long had wanted cause of fear.

AN ELEGY

ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX,
 MRS MARY BLAIZE.

GOOD people all, with one accord,
 Lament for madam Blaize,
 Who never wanted a good word—
 From those who spoke her praise.
 The needy seldom pass'd her door,
 And always found her kind ;
 She freely lent to all the poor,—
 Who left a pledge behind.
 She strove the neighbourhood to please,
 With manners wond'rous winning ;
 And never follow'd wicked ways,—
 Unless when she was finning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
 With hoop of monstrous size ;
 She never slumber'd in her pew,—
 But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
 By twenty beaux and more ;
 The king himself has follow'd her,—
 When she has walk'd before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
 Her hangers-on cut short all ;
 The doctors found, when she was dead,—
 Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
 For Kent-street well may say,
 That had she liv'd a twelvemonth more,—
 She had not dy'd to-day.

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

GOOD people all, of every sort,
 Give ear unto my song ;
 And if you find it wonderous short,
 It cannot hold you long.

In Isling-ton there was a man,
 Of whom the world might say,
 That still a godly race he ran,
 Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
 To comfort friends and foes ;
 The naked every day he clad,
 When he put on his cloaths.

And in that town a dog was found,
 As many dogs therè be,
 Both mungrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
 And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends ;
 But when a pique began,
 The dog, to gain his private ends,
 Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
 The wondering neighbours ran,
 And swore the dog had lost his wits,
 To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
 To every christian eye;
 And while they swore the dog was mad,
 They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
 That shew'd the rogues they ly'd;
 The man recover'd of the bite,
 The dog it was that dy'd.

EPITAPH
 ON
 DR. PARNELL.

THIS tomb, inscrib'd to gentle Parnell's name,
 May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.
 What heart but feels his sweetly-moral lay,
 That leads to truth through pleasure's flowery way?
 Celestial themes confess'd his tuneful aid;
 And heaven, that lent him genius, was repaid.
 Needless to him the tribute we bestow,
 The transitory breath of fame below:
 More lasting rapture from his works shall rise,
 While converts thank their poet in the skies.

EPITAPH
 ON
 EDWARD PURDON.*

HERE lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
 Who long was a bookseller's hack:
 He led such a damnable life in this world,
 I don't think he'll wish to come back.

* This gentleman was educated at Trinity College, Dublin; but having wasted his patrimony, he enlisted as a foot soldier. Growing tired of that employment, he obtained his discharge, and became a scribbler in the news papers. He translated Voltaire's *Henriade*.

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